WOLVERINE · NICK FURY™

THE SCORPIO CONNECTION™

ARCHIE GOODWIN

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Two thousand feet above the Urubamba River amid Peru's legendary ruins of Machu Picchu, an encampment is suddenly attacked by a lone, ruthlessly efficient assassin. Dead in the aftermath are agents from the international law enforcement group, *S.H.I.E.L.D.* Assigned to uncover activities of the terrorist support network, *Swift Sword,* they have paid the price of having their *own* activities discovered. Their killer leaves one clue. A small plastic disc bearing a zodiac symbol. *Scorpio.*

It is a symbol all too familiar to S.H.I.E.L.D.'s leader, *Nick Fury.* He has faced the man behind the Scorpio identity before. He has fought him and he has seen him die. And he has lived with the secret that this murderous, all but unbeatable menace was his own brother, *Jake Fury.* Has Jake risen from the dead? Has someone else taken up the mask and powers of Scorpio? To lay a family ghost to rest, to purge his own guilt over the *way* Jake died, Fury is driven to find and unmask the new Scorpio even if it means breaking every rule he has set for his own agency.

Unfortunately for Nick Fury, he has competition. It doesn't come any tougher. *Wolverine.* He is part berserker warrior. He is part modern day samurai. He is the deadliest member of the outlaw mutant group, the *X-Men,* and he *also* wants Scorpio. Once, in the scorching deserts of Australia, the nearly indestructable mutant accrued a debt of honor. Now it must be paid. The man he owes is one of Scorpio's victims. Savage as the animal whose name became his code identity, Wolverine knows only one way to settle such a debt. In blood. Preferably drawn by the razor-sharp adamantium claws that are part of him, that make Wolverine a killing machine without peer.

(continued on back flap)

To facilitate the hunt for Scorpio, Wolverine and Nick Fury join forces. It is an uneasy truce. In vastly different ways, each man is driven by demons of the past. Each new revelation about the identity and terrible purpose of the man they pursue drives them harder. From Venice to Istanbul to the Aegean and beyond, their course is marked by international intrigue and global scale violence. Ultimately, it becomes a collision course. It will end in the United States with a multiple confrontation in which past, present, and future for each combatant are torn, bloodied, and forever changed.

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THE SCORPIO CONNECTION™

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creator of the original Scorpio

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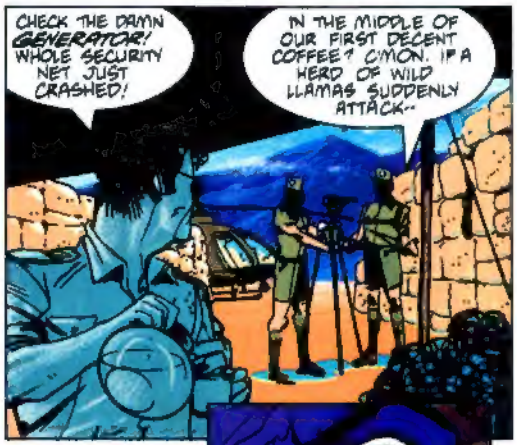
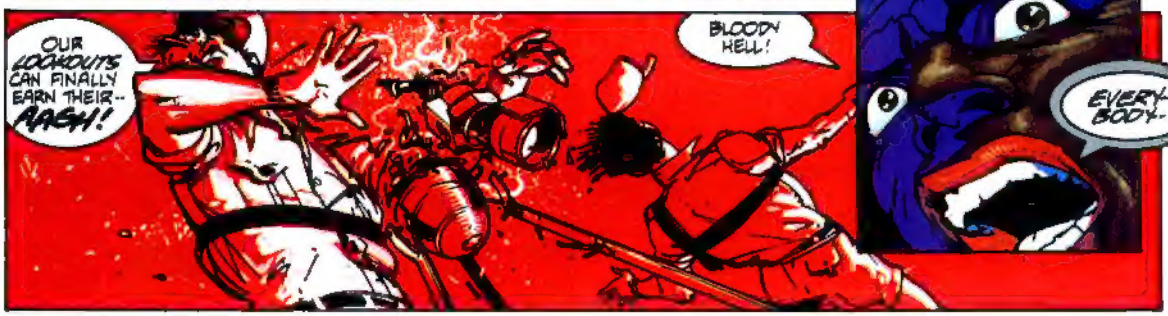
DREAMTIME, DAVID NANJIWARRA THOUGHT AS HE BEGAN THE FINAL TEN MINUTES OF HIS LIFE.
DREAMTIME, THE WAY OLD TRIBESMEN BACK IN ARNHEM LAND RECKONED ANYTHING THEY OR SOMEONE THEY KNEW, HAD NEVER DIRECTLY EXPERIENCED.
DREAMTIME. NOT A BAD WAY TO CONSIDER HIS OWN LIFE SINCE LEAVING AUSTRALIA. LONG DAMN YEARS IN A FRUSTRATING DAMN BUSINESS.
THE BUSINESS OF BEING A SPY.
AND HERE, TWO THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE URUBAMBA RIVER, AMID THE INCAN RUINS OF MACHU PICCHU, HIS PART IN THAT BUSINESS WAS ALMOST DONE.

UNDER COVER AS A VISITING ARCHEOLOGICAL TEAM, THE SHIELD ANTI-TERRORIST UNIT HAD BEEN IN PERU JUST OVER A WEEK. EIGHT NEGATIVE REPORTS FILED TO HEADQUARTERS IN THE STATES.
ORDERS TO PACK IT IN WOULDN'T BE MUCH LONGER COMING DOWN.

NANJIWARRA WOULD BE PACKING IT IN AS WELL. NO ONE WOULD BE SURPRISED. NOT AFTER ONE MORE DEAD END OPERATION, LATEST IN A STRING OF HARD LUCK FOR A MAN WHO WAS PLAGUED WITH IT.

WELL THEN, LARS--
-ANY MIRACLES IN SIGHT FOR US THIS MORNING?
THAT POT OF COFFEE STUFF'S ACTUALLY DRINKABLE TODAY. AND I'VE BEEN THINKING, DAVID--

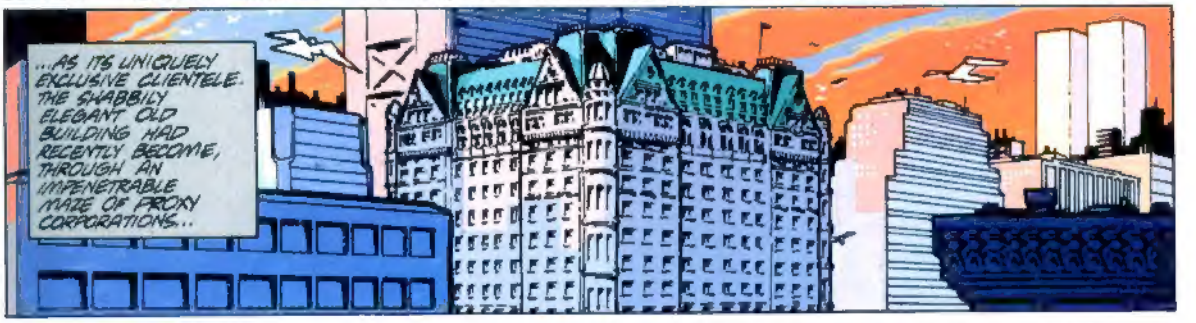

CHECK THE DAMN GENERATOR! WHOLE SECURITY NET JUST CRASHED!
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR FIRST DECENT COFFEE? C'MON. IF A HERD OF WILD LLAMAS SUDDENLY ATTACK--



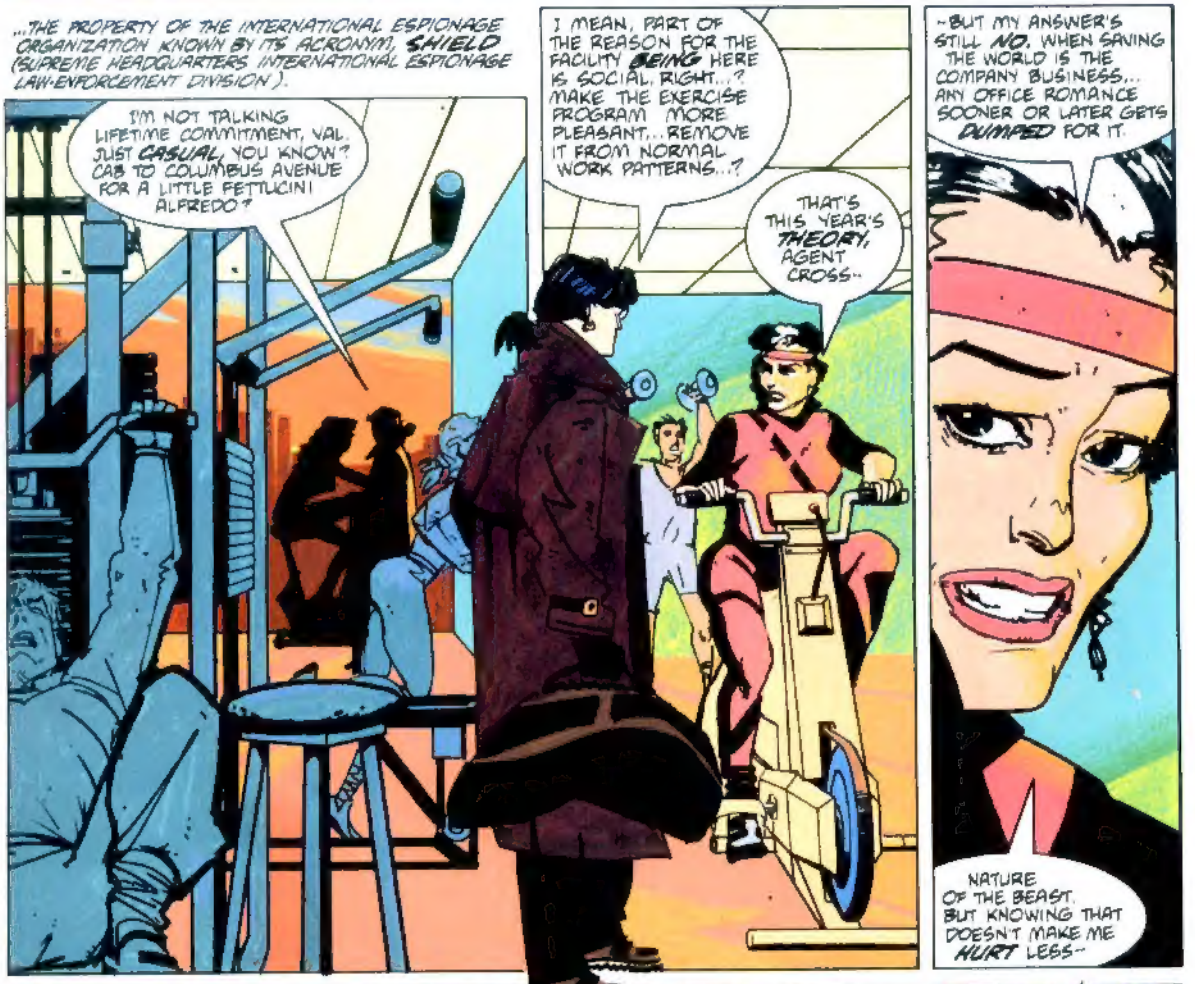
...DOWN!
IT WASN'T GUNFIRE. IT WAS TOO FAST, TOO ACCURATE, TOO POWERFUL.
SOME HIGHER TECHNOLOGY HAD JUST RENDERED THE SHIELD OPERATION DEAD AS THE RUINS SURROUNDING IT.
ONE MAN. HAS TO BE. FROM THE SWEEP, THE DIRECTION OF FIRE. ONE MAN. DONE FOR US RIGHT AND PROPER-
-ONLY HE'S GOT TO COME AND MAKE CERTAIN. JUST...ABOUT...
SPINK
NOW!
WHOEVER YOU ARE, WHILE YOUR HEAD'S RINGING FROM THAT--
-I'M GOING TO BE BEHIND YOU! THE NANJIWARRA HARD LUCK ENDS--

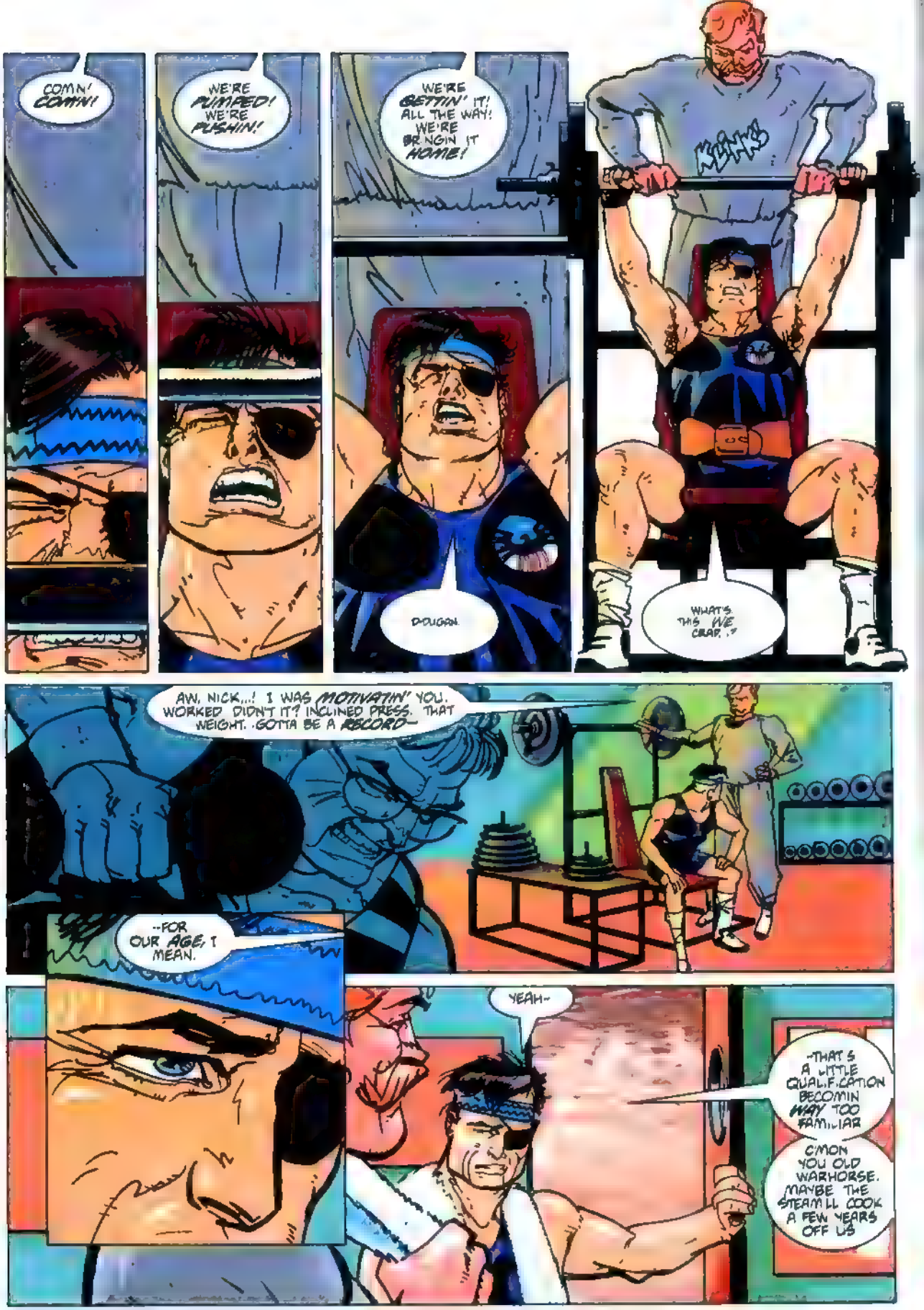
--HEARTS!

NEW YORK: WITH HEALTH CLUBS IN MANHATTAN NEARLY AS POPULAR AS CAJUN RESTAURANTS AND SNEAKER BOUTIQUES, THE GYM ATOP THE HOTEL ADIRONDAK WAS AS REMARKABLY LOW PROFILE...


...AS ITS UNIQUELY EXCLUSIVE CLIENTELE. THE SHABBILY ELEGANT OLD BUILDING HAD RECENTLY BECOME, THROUGH AN IMPENETRABLE MAZE OF PROXY CORPORATIONS...

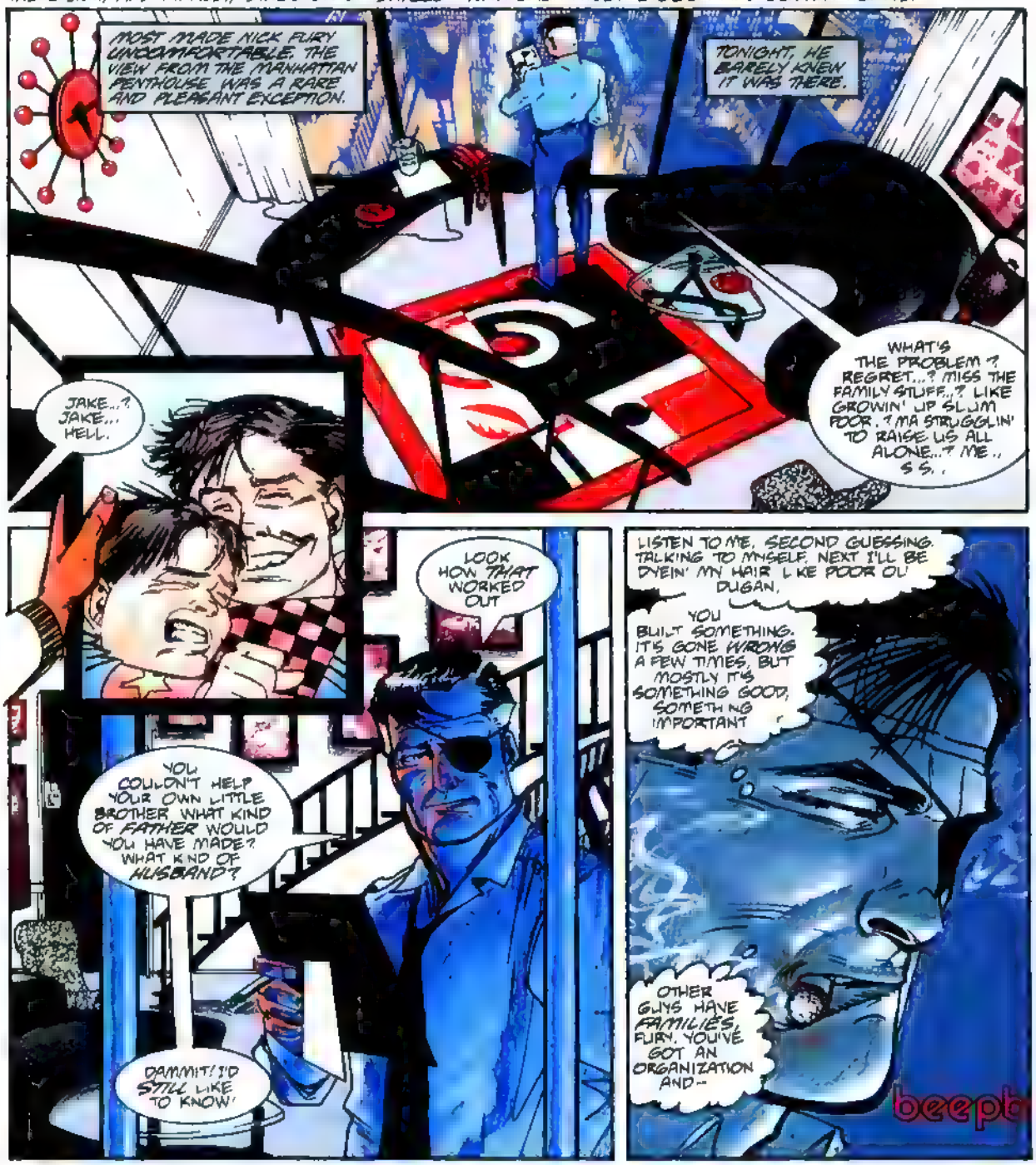
...THE PROPERTY OF THE INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE ORGANIZATION KNOWN BY ITS ACRONYM, **SHIELD** (SUPREME HEADQUARTERS INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE LAW-ENFORCEMENT DIVISION).

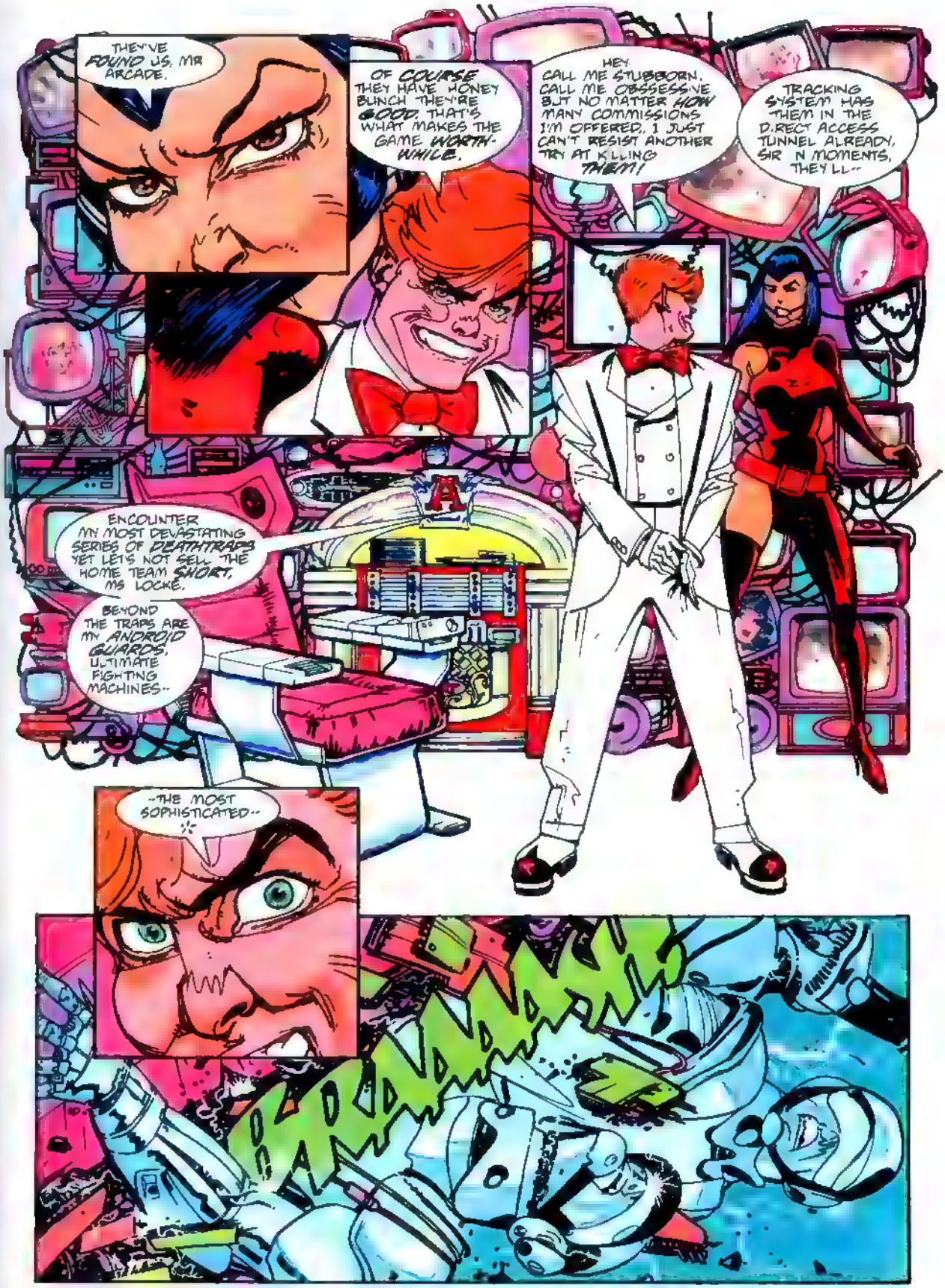

I'M NOT TALKING LIFETIME COMMITMENT, VAL. JUST **CASUAL**, YOU KNOW? CAB TO COLUMBUS AVENUE FOR A LITTLE FETTUCINI ALFREDO?
I MEAN, PART OF THE REASON FOR THE FACILITY **BEING** HERE IS SOCIAL, RIGHT...? MAKE THE EXERCISE PROGRAM MORE PLEASANT...REMOVE IT FROM NORMAL WORK PATTERNS...?
THAT'S THIS YEAR'S **THEORY**, AGENT CROSS.
~BUT MY ANSWER'S STILL **NO**. WHEN SAVING THE WORLD IS THE COMPANY BUSINESS... ANY OFFICE ROMANCE SOONER OR LATER GETS **DUMPED** FOR IT.
NATURE OF THE BEAST. BUT KNOWING THAT DOESN'T MAKE ME **HURT** LESS~


COMN' COMIN!
WE'RE PUMPED! WE'RE PUSHIN!
WE'RE GETTIN' IT! ALL THE WAY! WE'RE BRINGIN IT HOME!
D-DUGAN.
WHAT'S THIS WE CRAP.."
AW, NICK...! I WAS MOTIVATIN' YOU. WORKED DIDN'T IT? INCLINED PRESS. THAT WEIGHT. GOTTA BE A RECORD—
--FOR OUR AGE, I MEAN.
YEAH~
~THAT'S A LITTLE QUALIFICATION BECOMIN WAY TOO FAMILIAR
C'MON YOU OLD WARHORSE. MAYBE THE STEAM'LL COOK A FEW YEARS OFF US

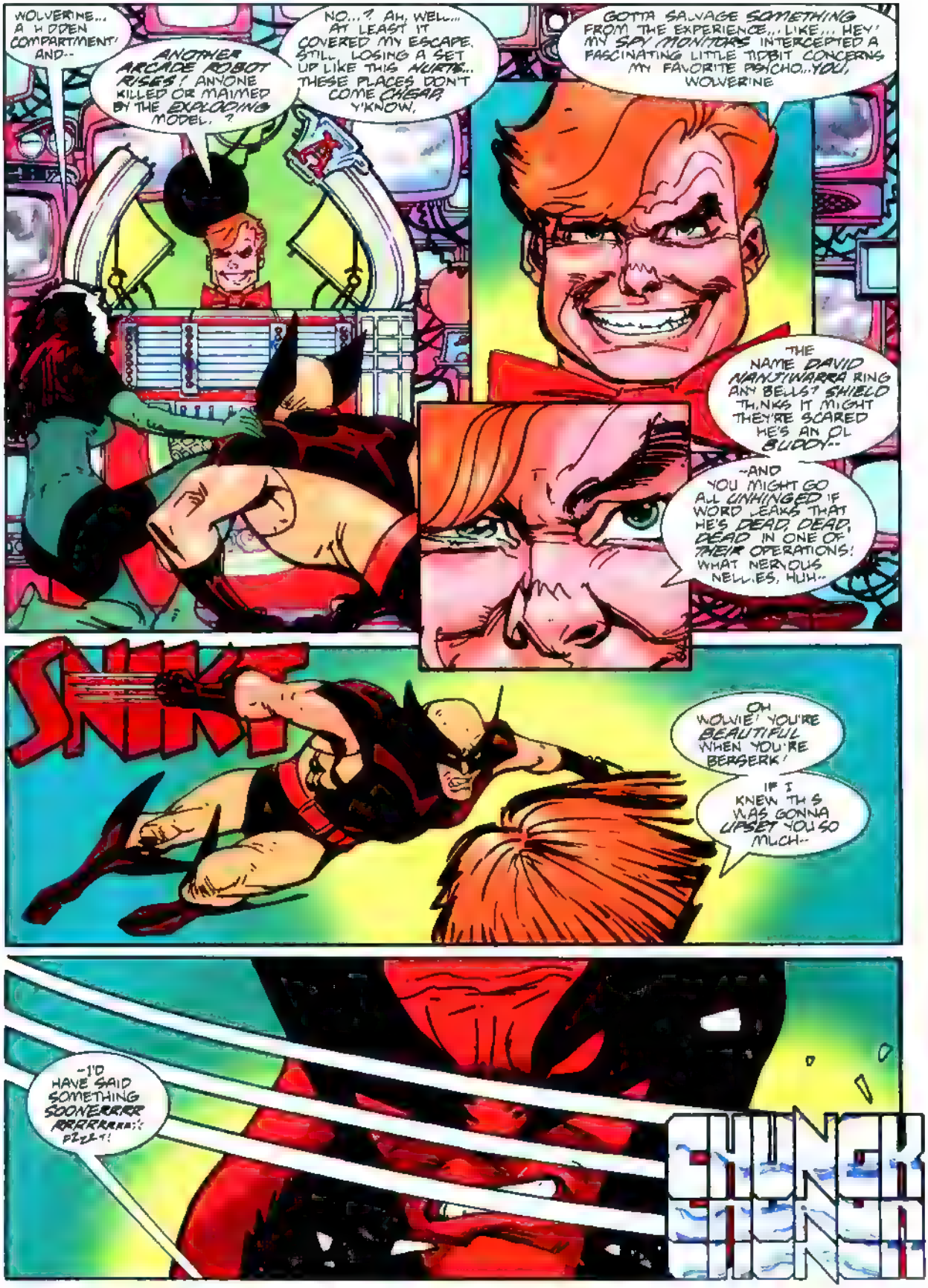
NICE WORKOUT, HUH, NICK?
GOTTA IMPRESS THE TROOPS, SEEIN' THEIR HEAD HONCHO HANGIN' AN' BANGIN' WITH THE BEST.
YEAH, LONG AS THEY DON'T SEE ME MOANIN' AN' GROAN N' AFTER-WARD.
I NOTICED YOU DIDN'T HIT IT TOO HARD TODAY, DUGAN.
LITTLE TENDONITIS I PROBABLY OVERTRAINED.
I FIGURED THE SAME ONLY I ALWAYS SEEMED TOO BUSY TO FIGURE WHEN. COMES A DAY,,, WELL, IT WAS JUST KIND OF,, TOO LATE.
HEY--
--THIS IS THE KIND OF STUFF I WORK OUT TO FORGET. SEE YOU TOMORROW, YOU OL' WALRU--
SCOTT! KEVIN! NOT SO FAST!
DAD!
DAD!
WE MISSED YOU, DAD--
YSEE VAL IN THERE? LOOKIN REAL GOOD. FUNNY, I ALWAYS FIGURE YOU TWO--
-SO MOM BROUGHT US DOWN TO MEET YOU!
WE'RE GONNA HAVE HOT DOGS AN' GO TO A MOVIE, RIGHT? RIGHT?
NO, NO, ' PRETZELS, AN' THE ZOO!
YEAH, DUGAN--
--COMES A DAY IT'S KIND OF TOO LATE FOR A LOT OF THINGS.

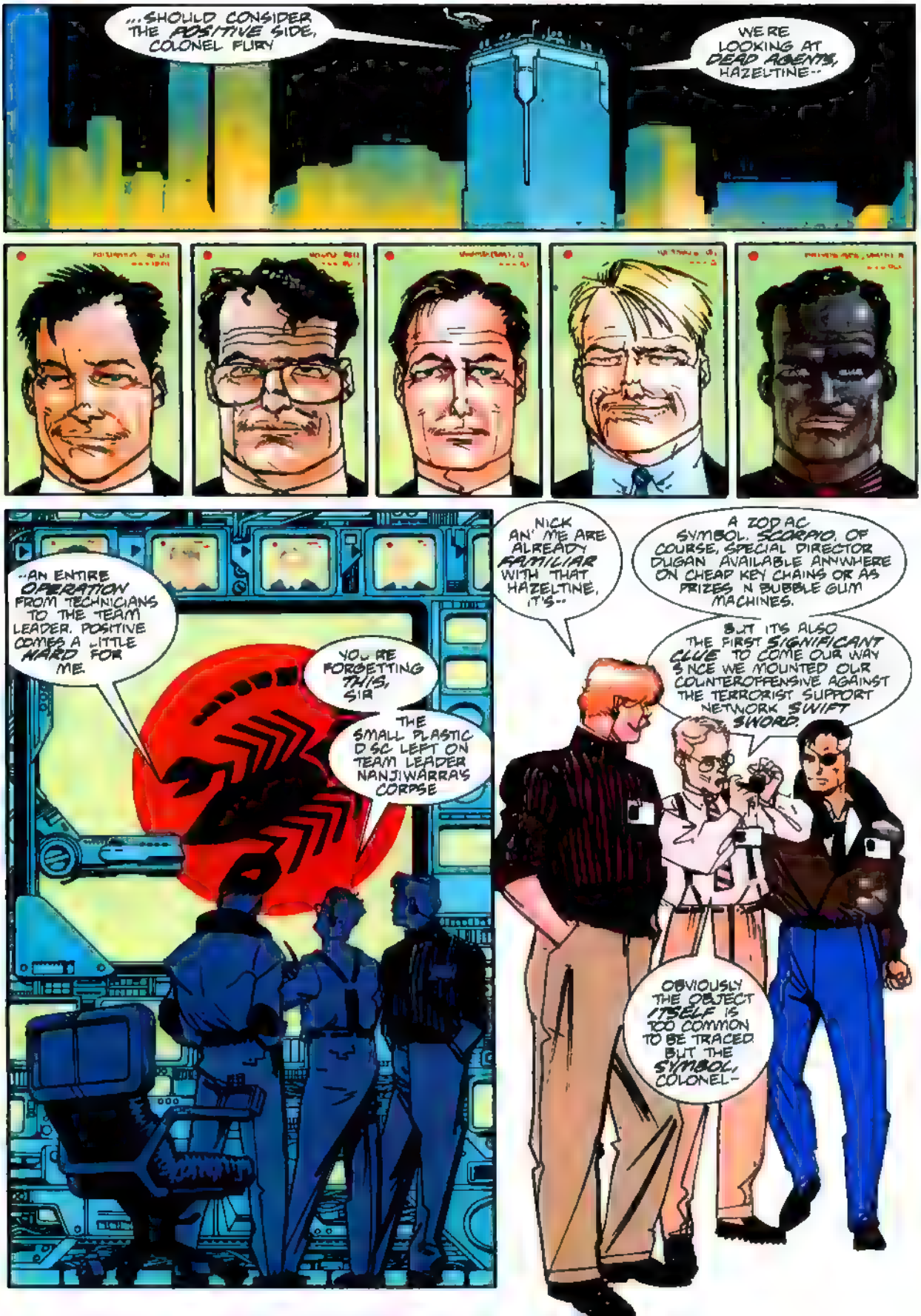
PERKS. THEY HAD GROWN OVER THE YEARS, FROM COMBAT SERGEANT MORE WARS AGO THAN HE LIKED TO COUNT, TO A BATTLEFIELD COMMISSION, TO RISING THROUGH THE RANKS TO COLONEL, THEN... THE C.I.A., AND FINALLY, DIRECTOR OF SHIELD WITH EACH RISE... BIGGER AND BETTER PERKS.


MOST MADE NICK FURY UNCOMFORTABLE. THE VIEW FROM THE MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE WAS A RARE AND PLEASANT EXCEPTION.
TONIGHT, HE BARELY KNEW IT WAS THERE.
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM? REGRET...? MISS THE FAMILY STUFF...? LIKE GROWIN' UP SLUM POOR...? MA STRUGGLIN' TO RAISE US ALL ALONE...? ME... S S...
JAKE...? JAKE... HELL.
LOOK HOW THAT WORKED OUT
YOU COULDN'T HELP YOUR OWN LITTLE BROTHER. WHAT KIND OF FATHER WOULD YOU HAVE MADE? WHAT KIND OF HUSBAND?
DAMMIT! I'D STILL LIKE TO KNOW!
LISTEN TO ME, SECOND GUESSING. TALKING TO MYSELF. NEXT I'LL BE DYEIN' MY HAIR LIKE POOR OL' DUGAN.
YOU BUILT SOMETHING. IT'S GONE WRONG A FEW TIMES, BUT MOSTLY IT'S SOMETHING GOOD, SOMETHING IMPORTANT
OTHER GUYS HAVE FAMILIES, FURY. YOU'VE GOT AN ORGANIZATION AND--
beepb
eepbeep
beepbeep
beepbeep
beepbeep
bee
--ALL THE PERKS


THEY'VE FOUND US, MR ARCADE.
OF COURSE THEY HAVE HONEY BUNCH THEY'RE GOOD. THAT'S WHAT MAKES THE GAME WORTH-WHILE.
HEY. CALL ME STUBBORN. CALL ME OBSESSIVE BUT NO MATTER HOW MANY COMMISSIONS I'M OFFERED, I JUST CAN'T RESIST ANOTHER TRY AT KILLING THEM!
TRACKING SYSTEM HAS THEM IN THE D.RECT ACCESS TUNNEL ALREADY, SIR N MOMENTS, THEY LL--
ENCOUNTER MY MOST DEVASTATING SERIES OF DEATHTRAPS YET LET'S NOT SELL THE HOME TEAM SHORT, MS LOCKE.
BEYOND THE TRAPS ARE MY ANDROID GUARDS, ULTIMATE FIGHTING MACHINES--
--THE MOST SOPHISTICATED--
BRAAAM!!

WELL SO MUCH FOR SOPHISTICATION.
YOU'RE EXCUSED, MS. LOCKE. I'LL HANDLE THE X-MEN!
I KNOW YOU PEOPLE ARE SKILLED SUPER HEROES... WELL-HONED MUTANT POWERS AND SUCH. WITH ALL THAT TRAINING... DIDN'T ANYONE EVER TEACH YOU TO KNOCK?
KNOCK N' BEGINS NOW, ASSASSIN. INSTANT I'M CLOSE ENOUGH TO--
HELL!
WOLVERINE, YOU'RE SUCH AN ANIMAL. UNFAIR, THAT SENSE OF SMELL. MAKES ME SO MAD, I COULD JUST--
--EXPLODE!
DAZZLER! COLOSSUS! DOWN! I'LL COVER ROGUE!
THAT'S NOT ARCADE! IT'S ANOTHER OF HIS DAMN ROBOTS!
KDOW!

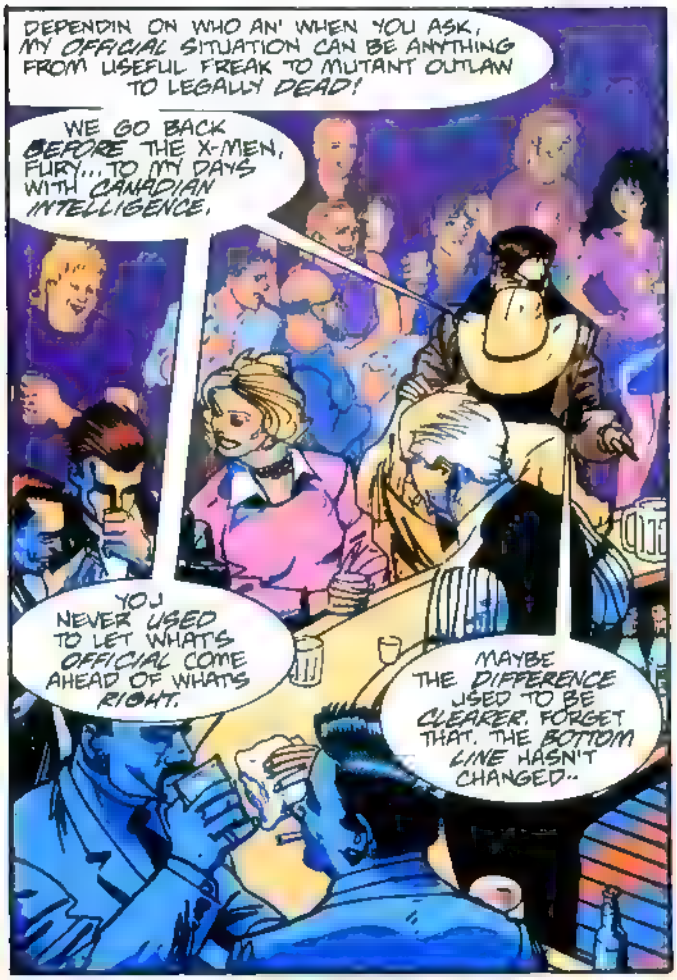

WOLVERINE... A HIDDEN COMPARTMENT! AND--
ANOTHER ARCADE ROBOT RISES! ANYONE KILLED OR MAIMED BY THE EXPLODING MODEL...?
NO...? AH, WELL... AT LEAST IT COVERED MY ESCAPE. STILL, LOSING A SET UP LIKE THIS HURTS... THESE PLACES DON'T COME CHEAP, Y'KNOW.
GOTTA SALVAGE SOMETHING FROM THE EXPERIENCE... LIKE... HEY! MY SPY MONITORS INTERCEPTED A FASCINATING LITTLE TIDBIT CONCERNS MY FAVORITE PSYCHO... YOU, WOLVERINE
THE NAME DAVID NANJIWARRA RING ANY BELLS? SHIELD THINKS IT MIGHT THEY'RE SCARED HE'S AN OL BUDDY--
--AND YOU MIGHT GO ALL UNHINGED IF WORD LEAKS THAT HE'S DEAD, DEAD, DEAD IN ONE OF THEIR OPERATIONS! WHAT NERVOUS NELLIES, HUH--
SNIKT
OH WOLVIE! YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL WHEN YOU'RE BERSERK!
IF I KNEW THIS WAS GONNA UPSET YOU SO MUCH--
--I'D HAVE SAID SOMETHING SOONERRRR RRRRRRRR:: PZZT!
CHUNK


...SHOULD CONSIDER THE POSITIVE SIDE, COLONEL FURY
WE'RE LOOKING AT DEAD AGENTS, HAZELTINE--
--AN ENTIRE OPERATION FROM TECHNICIANS TO THE TEAM LEADER. POSITIVE COMES A LITTLE HARD FOR ME.
YOU'RE FORGETTING THIS, SIR
THE SMALL PLASTIC DISC LEFT ON TEAM LEADER NANJIWARRA'S CORPSE
NICK AN' ME ARE ALREADY FAMILIAR WITH THAT HAZELTINE, IT'S--
A ZODIAC SYMBOL. SCORPIO. OF COURSE, SPECIAL DIRECTOR DUGAN AVAILABLE ANYWHERE ON CHEAP KEY CHAINS OR AS PRIZES N BUBBLE GUM MACHINES.
BUT IT'S ALSO THE FIRST SIGNIFICANT CLUE TO COME OUR WAY SINCE WE MOUNTED OUR COUNTEROFFENSIVE AGAINST THE TERRORIST SUPPORT NETWORK SWIFT SWORD.
OBVIOUSLY THE OBJECT ITSELF IS TOO COMMON TO BE TRACED BUT THE SYMBOL, COLONEL-

-REALLY HITS A NERVE! YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT A CAUSAL COMPUTER CHECK SET IN MOTION
DATABANKS AT INFORMATION CENTRAL IN ATLANTA WERE ABSOLUTELY HUMMING! FILES HUGE. I ORDERED IT ALL DOWN-LOADED FOR YOUR ARRIVAL, SO--
SIDDOWN, HAZELTINE! TAKE A LOAD OFF YOUR MIND!
I DON'T NEED TO SEE THAT FILE. I LIVED IT! DUGAN, HOW'D I GET AGENTS TOO YOUNG T'KNOW ABOUT SCORPIO?
WHEN THE ONES WHO'D REMEMBER RETIRED, NICK
YEAH.. WELL YOU OUGHTTA AT LEAST HAVE A SENSE OF HISTORY, HAZELTINE!
HERE'S A QUICK LESSON..
THAT DISC IS THE CALLING CARD OF ONE OF THE WORST DAMN MENACES TO EVER CROSS SHIELD OR ME.
FINDING IT AT THAT SLAUGHTER IN MACHU PICCHU MEANS HE'S BACK!.. BACK FROM THE DEAD.
SO, BESIDES THE SWIFT SWORD NETWORK, WE'VE GOT A GHOST WHO SHOULD'VE BEEN LONG LAID TO REST
FORGET POSITIVE, HAZELTINE I'M HANDLING THIS THE WAY I SHOULD'VE THE LAST TIME.. PERSONALLY.
SLAT!

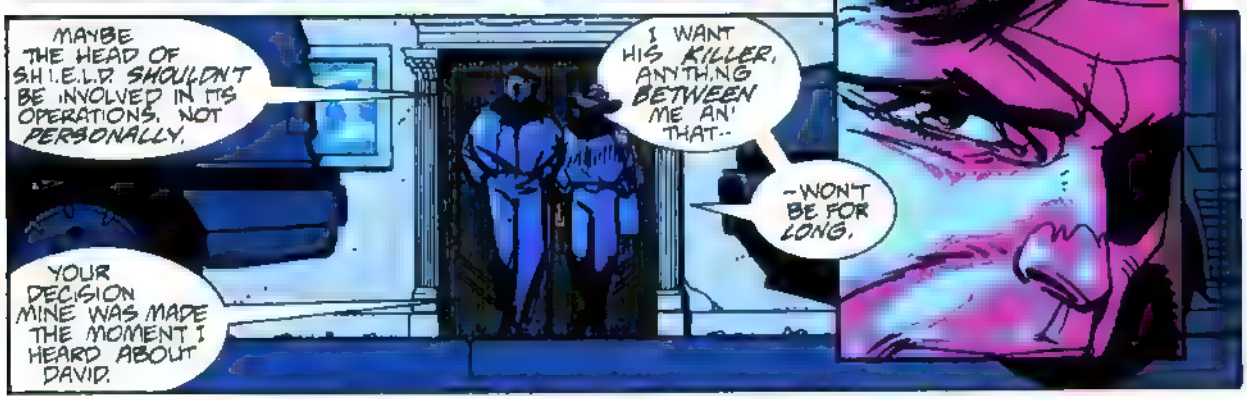
PERSONALLY, GOOD EXIT LINE. BAD DECISION. SURE, FURY REASONED AS HE STORMED FROM SHIELD HEADQUARTERS, IT FIT HIS STYLE. TOUGH LEADER ALWAYS READY TO SHOW THE TROOPS HOW IT'S DONE.
EXCEPT THAT WASN'T WHY HE WAS DOING IT. HE WOULDN'T BE THIS ANGRY, THIS FED UP WITH AN OVEREAGER WETNOSE LIKE HAZELTINE. NO, STYLE DIDN'T ENTER INTO IT...
...MOTIVE DID. AND UNTIL THIS ENDED-- ONE WAY OR ANOTHER-- HE'D NEVER BE CERTAIN OF THAT
YOU'RE SCARED. AND IT MAKES YOU FEEL MORE LIKE AN OLD MAN THAN A MILLION BENCH PRESSES EVER COULD.
IT'S NOT HIM, DAMMIT! YOU BURIED HIM AND YOU MADE SURE WHO YOU BURIED.
MAYBE AFTER A DRINK, YOU'LL BELIEVE IT AGAIN.
AH, COLONEL THE USUAL?
YEAH, MARIO. I DON'T NEED ANY SURPRISES.
JUST ANSWERS. AND THEY WON'T COME FROM OUR COMPUTER FILES. NOT WHEN I'VE KEPT 'EM INCOMPLETE.
WAS I DOIN' HIM A LAST FAVOR--KEEPIN HIS MEMORY CLEAN--AFTER HE PUT THE BULLET IN HIS HEAD?
OR WAS I JUST AFRAID TO LET ANYONE ELSE FIND OUT SCORPIO WAS MY BROTHER JAKE?

SNIKT
OKAY. YOU GOT MY ATTENTION. THIS JOINT'S DIM ENOUGH AN' LOUD ENOUGH THAT FLASHIN' THOSE ADAMANTIUM CLAWS DIDN'T GET ANYBODY EUSE'S--
--BUT WHATEVER HAPPENED TO JUST SAYIN' HELLO, LOGAN?
DAVID NANJIWARRA.
ME AN' MY FRIEND'LL BE HAVING A PRIVATE CHAT, MARIO. HE LISTENS BETTER WHEN HE HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH HIS HANDS. GIVE HIM A BEER--
--AN' ME A FRESH OLNE
YOUR ORGANIZATION'S TRYIN' TO KEEP ME OUT OF THIS, NICK. CAN'T BE DONE.
HEY. AS WOLVERINE, AS ONE OF THE X-MEN, YOU KNOW YOUR SITUATION WITH ANY LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCY IS OFFICIALLY... DUBIOUS.
BULL!

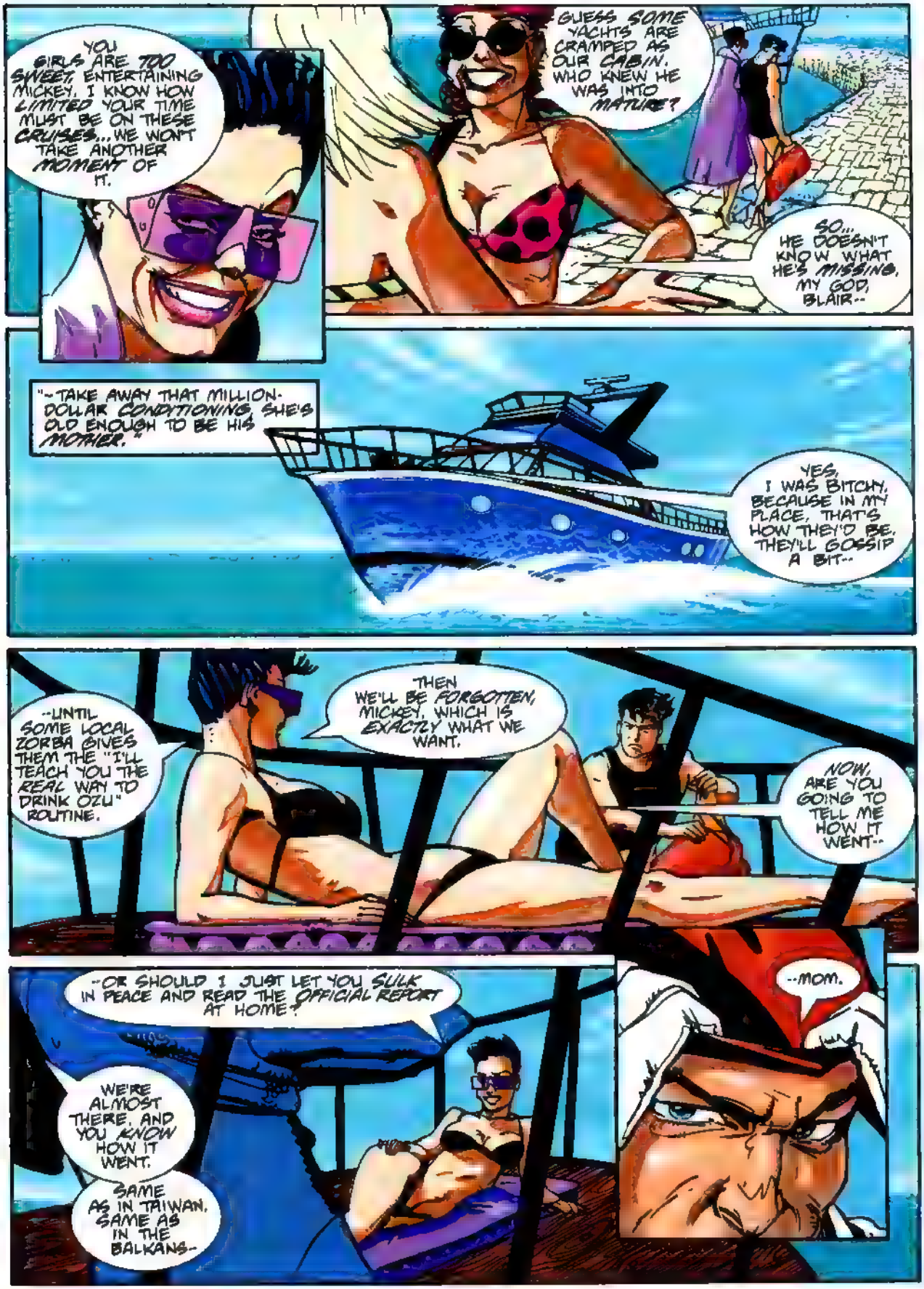

DEPENDIN ON WHO AN' WHEN YOU ASK, MY OFFICIAL SITUATION CAN BE ANYTHING FROM USEFUL FREAK TO MUTANT OUTLAW TO LEGALLY DEAD!
WE GO BACK BEFORE THE X-MEN, FURY... TO MY DAYS WITH CANADIAN INTELLIGENCE.
YOU NEVER USED TO LET WHAT'S OFFICIAL COME AHEAD OF WHATS RIGHT.
MAYBE THE DIFFERENCE USED TO BE CLEARER. FORGET THAT. THE BOTTOM LINE HASN'T CHANGED..

--A LOT BETTER TO HAVE YOU WITH US THAN BUTTIN' HEADS EVERY STEP. C'MON.
I'LL CLEAR IT SO YOU CAN ACCOMPANY OUR INVESTIGATING TEAM.
TEAM..? NO! YOU?

NICK, YOU ALWAYS LEAPED TO GET FROM BEHIND YOUR DESK INTO THE ACTION.
YEAH. MY FIRST INCLINATION. BUT I WANT TO SORT SOME STUFF OUT


MAYBE THE HEAD OF S.H.I.E.L.D. SHOULDN'T BE INVOLVED IN ITS OPERATIONS. NOT PERSONALLY.
I WANT HIS KILLER, ANYTHING BETWEEN ME AN' THAT--
--WON'T BE FOR LONG.
YOUR DECISION MINE WAS MADE THE MOMENT I HEARD ABOUT DAVID.

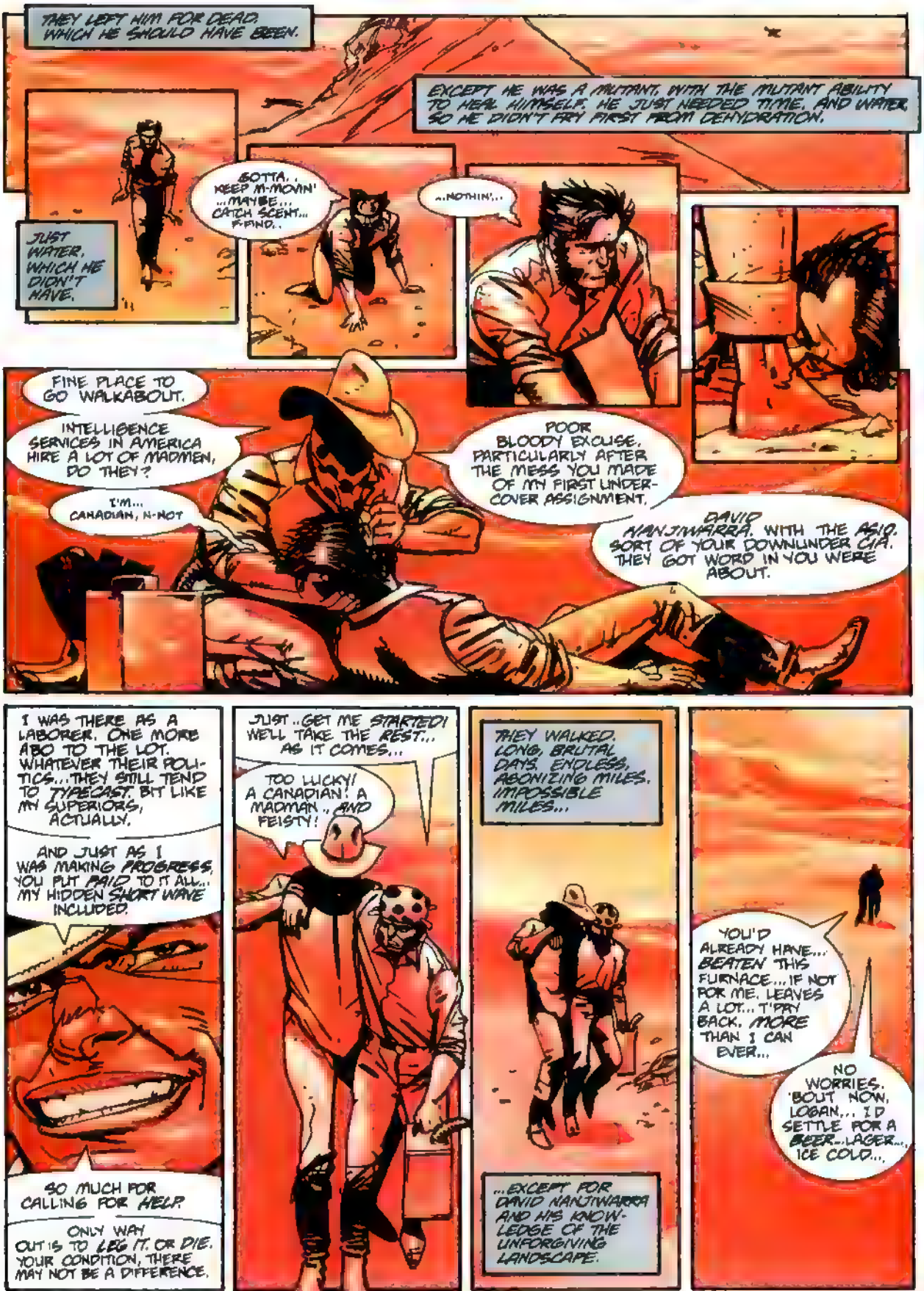
ANDROS, PLEASURE PORT FOR TOURISTS, AND GATEWAY TO HUNDREDS OF SMALLER ISLANDS DOTTING THE AEGEAN SEA BETWEEN GREECE AND TURKEY.
A YACHT..? YOU'RE WAITING FOR A REAL, HONEST-TO-GOD YACHT? TRACEY, DID YOU HEAR?
BLAIR, I SPENT THE MORNING DRIPPING COPPERTONE ALL OVER MY BOD..NOT INTO MY EARS. I HAVEN'T MISSED A WORD HE-MICHAEL, ISN'T IT?.. SAID.
UH... MIKEL, BUT... AH...IN ENGLISH, I GUESS THAT'S MICHAEL, ACTUALLY, I KIND OF LIKE... UH...MIKE.
WELL, TRACEY AND I ARE IN ON A CRUISE SHIP, MIKE DENTAL HYG.ENISTS. OUR BIG TWO WEEK VACATION, RIGHT? NOT LIKE IT HASN'T BEEN ROMANTIC OR ANYTHING, BUT NOT ONLY ARE THE CABINS CRAMPED..
-AND NOT WAKE UP IN THE MORNING WITH SAND IN YOUR BIKINI, RIGHT? THIS YACHT, MIKE...HOW MANY DOES IT SLEEP?
THERE YOU ARE, DARLING, I WAS GETTING WORRIED SOMETHING MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED TO YOU.
-SO ARE THE OPPORTUNITIES. IT'D BE SO NEAT TO FINALLY MEET A CUTE GUY-
MICKEY!


YOU GIRLS ARE TOO SWEET, ENTERTAINING MICKEY. I KNOW HOW LIMITED YOUR TIME MUST BE ON THESE CRUISES... WE WON'T TAKE ANOTHER MOMENT OF IT.
GUESS SOME YACHTS ARE CRAMPED AS OUR CABIN. WHO KNEW HE WAS INTO MATURE?
SO... HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S MISSING. MY GOD, BLAIR--
"--TAKE AWAY THAT MILLION-DOLLAR CONDITIONING, SHE'S OLD ENOUGH TO BE HIS MOTHER."
YES, I WAS BITCHY, BECAUSE IN MY PLACE, THAT'S HOW THEY'D BE. THEY'LL GOSSIP A BIT--
--UNTIL SOME LOCAL ZORBA GIVES THEM THE "I'LL TEACH YOU THE REAL WAY TO DRINK OZU" ROUTINE.
THEN WE'LL BE FORGOTTEN, MICKEY, WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT WE WANT.
NOW, ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ME HOW IT WENT--
--OR SHOULD I JUST LET YOU SULK IN PEACE AND READ THE OFFICIAL REPORT AT HOME?
--MOM.
WE'RE ALMOST THERE, AND YOU KNOW HOW IT WENT.
SAME AS IN TAIWAN. SAME AS IN THE BALKANS--

LIKE THIS!
AS HE SHOUTED, THE YOUNG MAN NAMED MIKEL WAS LEAPING...
...LEAPING FOR THE DOCK THAT NOW LOOMED AHEAD, LEAPING WITH THE EFFORTLESS SKILL AND POWER OF A WELL-TRAINED ATHLETE.
HIS WEAPON WAS AN EXTENSION OF THAT RAGE. ITS CIRCUITRY-- TUNED TO MINUTE PRESSURE CHANGES IN HIS GRIP--SEEMED ALMOST TO FIRE BY THOUGHT OR IMPULSE.
VREEDOH
WELL-TRAINED... AND ENRAGED.
IT WENT EXACTLY LIKE THIS, MOM!
LIKE I'D PREPARED FOR NOTHING ELSE SINCE I WAS A KID!
WRROK!

VOOW! VOOW! VOOWWM!
NOTHING!
THEN ISN'T IT SILLY TO WASTE THAT ON A DESERTED RUIN--
--BECAUSE TWO LITTLE TARTS MAKE YOU FEEL YOU'RE MISSING OUT? MICKEY, ALL THE SACRIFICE-YOURS AND MINE--IS FINALLY WORTHWHILE! THINGS LIKE THE PERU ASSIGNMENT ARE--
CAT AND MOUSE STUFF, GAMES!
I WANT TO END THIS BUSINESS, MOM!
WE BOTH DO, BABY, BUT WE HAVE TO DO IT RIGHT. THAT'S WHY I ALLIED US WITH SWIFT SWORD... THEY HELPED DEVELOP AND FUND THAT WONDERFUL TOY YOU WIELD SO WELL.
AND BY HELPING THEM, YOU CAN USE ALL THAT POWER, THAT LIFETIME OF TRAINING TO TEAR APART S.H.I.E.L.D.--
--THE ORGANIZATION HE CARES FOR SO VERY MUCH. THEN, MICKEY... YOU CAN TEAR APART THE MAN.
THAT'S ALL I WANT, MOM. THE MAN. THE MAN WHO KILLED MY FATHER. NICK FURY.

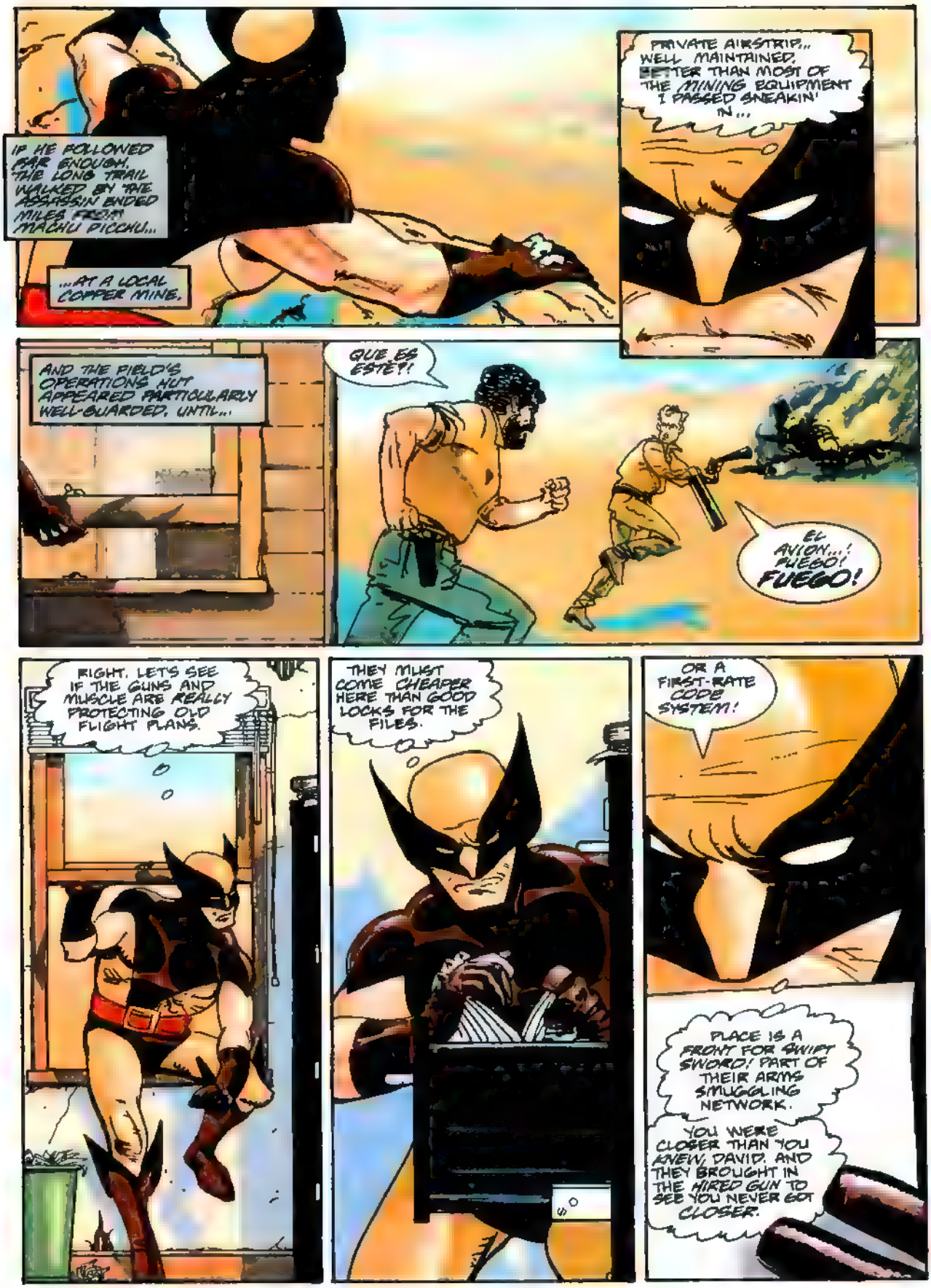
PERU. ROTORS THUDDING. THE GOVERNMENT HELICOPTER BANKED FOR ITS APPROACH TO MACHU PICCHU. THE THREE S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS ABOARD CAME ALERT, TENSED FOR THE JOB AHEAD.
THE FOURTH PASSENGER SHOWED NO REACTION. BUT HIS THOUGHTS WERE RACING, CARRIED BY THE SOUND OF THE ROTORS...
...TO ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER JOB. AND...
RUNNIN'... RUNNIN' FOR MY LIFE...
BA-DUM!
"...IN THE DESERT SUN."
TRACKING A TERRORIST ASSASSIN HAD LED LOGAN FROM CANADA TO AUSTRALIA'S TANAMI DESERT, AND THE SECRET TRAINING CAMP FROM WHICH HIS MAN HAD GRADUATED.
HITTING THE CAMP WENT WELL, ONLY HIS SWIFTLY IMPROVISED DESTRUCTION...
...DIDN'T CATCH EVERYONE.
SO LOGAN RAN FOR HIS LIFE IN THE DESERT SUN...
...IN VAIN.

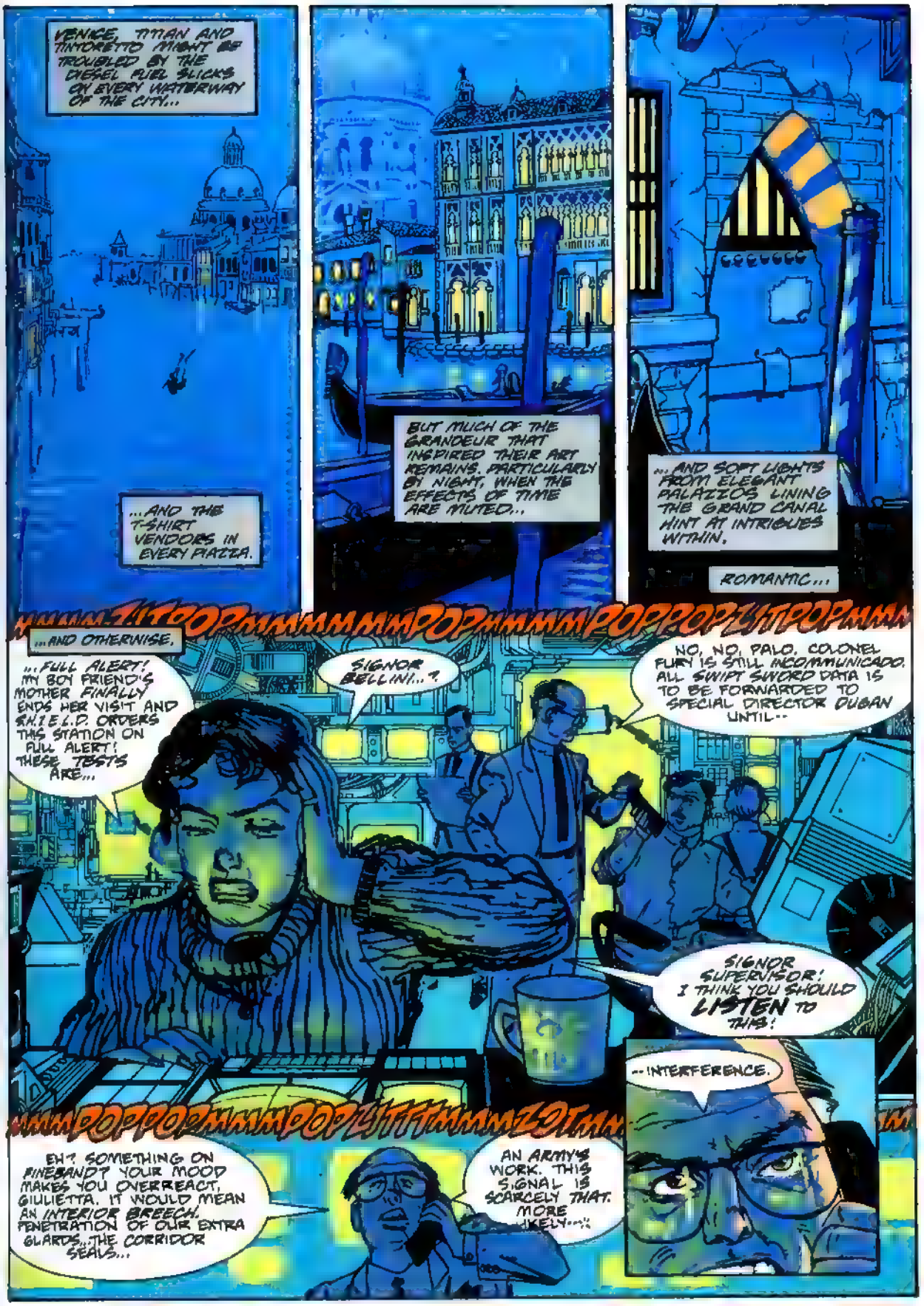

THEY LEFT HIM FOR DEAD. WHICH HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN.
EXCEPT HE WAS A MUTANT, WITH THE MUTANT ABILITY TO HEAL HIMSELF. HE JUST NEEDED TIME, AND WATER, SO HE DIDN'T FRY FIRST FROM DEHYDRATION.
JUST WATER, WHICH HE DIDN'T HAVE.
GOTTA.. KEEP M-MOVIN' ...MAYBE... CATCH SCENT... FIND..
..NOTHIN'...
FINE PLACE TO GO WALKABOUT.
INTELLIGENCE SERVICES IN AMERICA HIRE A LOT OF MADMEN, DO THEY?
I'M... CANADIAN, N-NOT
POOR BLOODY EXCUSE, PARTICULARLY AFTER THE MESS YOU MADE OF MY FIRST UNDER-COVER ASSIGNMENT.
DAVID NANJIWARRA. WITH THE ASIO. SORT OF YOUR DOWNUNDER CIA. THEY GOT WORD IN YOU WERE ABOUT.
I WAS THERE AS A LABORER. ONE MORE ABO TO THE LOT. WHATEVER THEIR POLITICS... THEY STILL TEND TO TYPECAST. BIT LIKE MY SUPERIORS, ACTUALLY.
AND JUST AS I WAS MAKING PROGRESS, YOU PUT PAID TO IT ALL... MY HIDDEN SHORT WAVE INCLUDED.
SO MUCH FOR CALLING FOR HELP.
ONLY WAY OUT IS TO LEG IT. OR DIE. YOUR CONDITION, THERE MAY NOT BE A DIFFERENCE.
JUST..GET ME STARTED! WE'LL TAKE THE REST... AS IT COMES...
TOO LUCKY! A CANADIAN! A MADMAN.. AND FEISTY!
THEY WALKED. LONG, BRUTAL DAYS. ENDLESS, AGONIZING MILES. IMPOSSIBLE MILES...
...EXCEPT FOR DAVID NANJIWARRA AND HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE UNFORGIVING LANDSCAPE.
YOU'D ALREADY HAVE... BEATEN THIS FURNACE... IF NOT FOR ME. LEAVES A LOT... T'PAY BACK. MORE THAN I CAN EVER...
NO WORRIES. 'BOUT NOW, LOGAN... I'D SETTLE FOR A BEER... LAGER... ICE COLD...

IT BECAME A RUNNING JOKE IN THEIR WALK THROUGH HELL. IT BONDED THEM, KEPT THEM GOING, UNTIL...
...THEY PROVED EVEN HELL HAD ITS LIMITS.
JUST LIKE CIVILIZATION.
TWO BEERS...? ONLY IF YOU'RE DRINKIN 'EM YRSELF, SPORT. DON'T SERVE ABOS...FOR THEIR OWN GOOD, Y'UNDERSTAN.
I UNDERSTAND YOU LOOKED ME IN THE EYE AND MADE THE BIGGEST MISTAKE IN AN OBVIOUSLY MISERABLE LIFE. LOOK AGAIN, "SPORT." NOW--
LAST CHANCE. TWO LAGERS. ICE COLD. ONE FOR ME, ONE FOR MY FRIEND. FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.
THE BEERS COULD HAVE BEEN COLDER, BUT THEY WERE COLD ENOUGH FOR A BUSH OUTPOST PERCHED ON THE RUMP OF NOWHERE. COLD ENOUGH AND GOOD ENOUGH...
...TO KEEP THEM DRINKING, AND TALKING. SILLY, AT FIRST. IN TIME... SERIOUSLY.
...LIFE WASN'T MEANT TO BE EASY, THE SAYING GOES AROUND HERE, LOGAN. IF YOU'RE ABORIGINE, IT SEEMS TO GO DOUBLE. OR HAG IN MY SITUATION...
AUSTRALIA'S GOT NO LOCK AND KEY ON PREJUDICE. BUT IF THAT'S THE PROBLEM, DAVID, I'VE HEARD ABOUT A NEW OUTFIT. AN INTERNATIONAL ONE. OUGHT TO AVOID THAT KINDA THING.
THEY CALL IT SHIELD. WHO KNOWS--
"...WHERE IT COULD LEAD?"
CHECKED THE LAST OF THE BODY BAGS. GUESS WE CAN SHIP 'EM HOME NOW, HUH, WOLVERINE? WOLVERINE?
WOLVERINE...? YOU OKAY...?
JUST THINKIN'...
THINKIN' ABOUT HAVIN' A BEER.

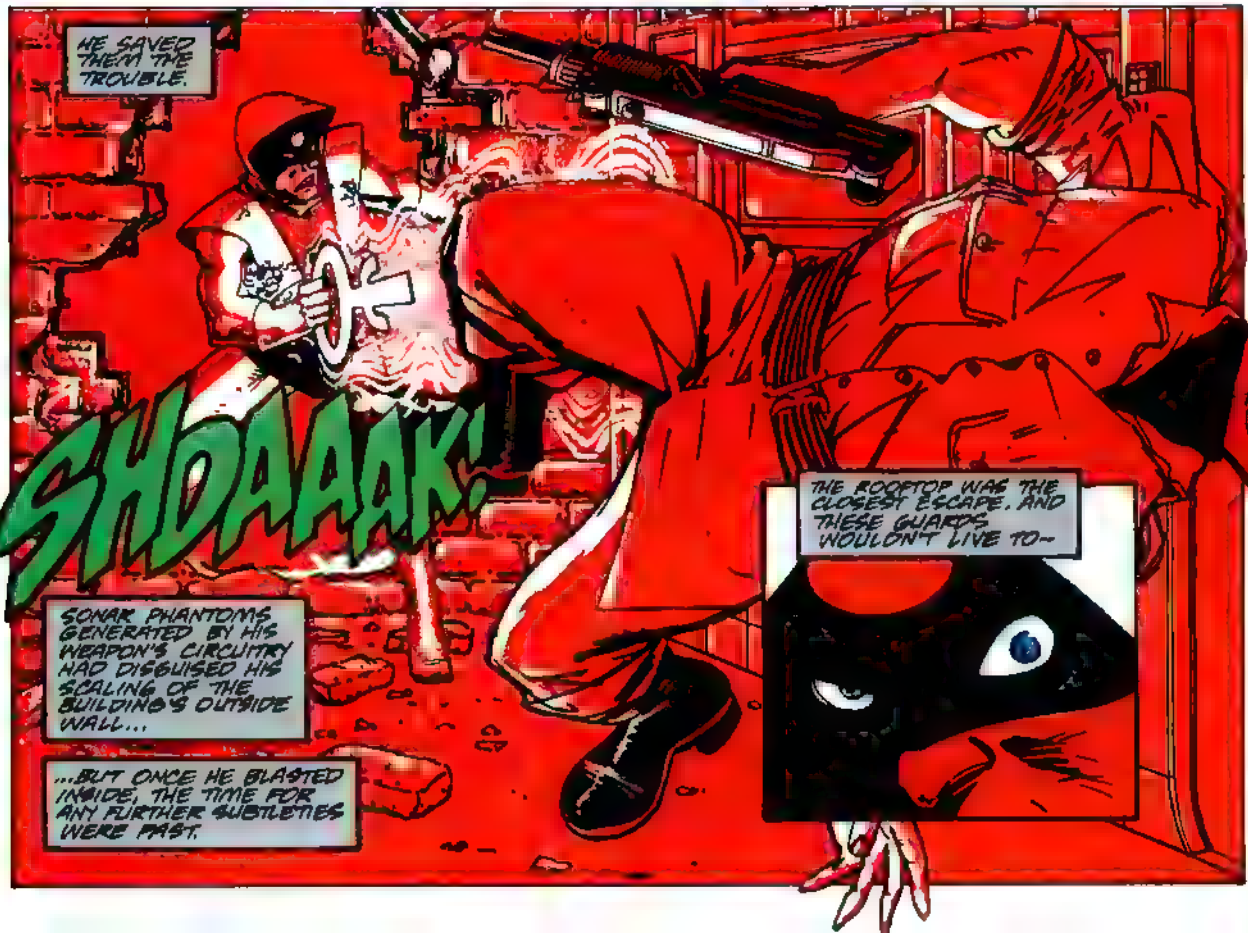
HE HELD ONTO THE MEMORY AS THE BAGS WERE LOADED INTO THE HELICOPTER.
THEN, THE TIME FOR THINKING WAS PAST. WHAT LOGAN NOW LET SWEEP OVER HIM WAS...
...INSTINCT.
COSTUME...?
SUPER HERO STUFF. FOR SOME, GUESS IT CONCEALS IDENTITY. OTHERS... MAYBE A PSYCHOLOGICAL EDGE. WATCHING HIM MOVE.
--I'D SAY IT'S A HUNTING OUTFIT.
WHATEVER. ME, I'M HAPPY WITH REGULAR SHIELD ISSUE. COLD SITE OR NOT, I'M GETTING PRETTY GOOD TRACE READINGS--
--ELECTRO MAGNETIC DISRUPTION. OUR TEAM WAS PROBABLY SCRAGGED BY A PARTICLE BEAM WEAPON.
ONE OF A KIND, THEN. PROTOTYPE. THEY'VE EXPERIMENTED FOR YEARS. NOT COST EFFICIENT. AND FOR THIS KIND OF HIT...!
YEAH. ORDINARY ARMS WOULDN'VE DONE IT. SOMEONE WANTED SPECIAL EFFECTS... WHATEVER THE PRICE.
INSTINCT.
INSTINCT POWERED BY MUTATED SENSES, ANIMAL KEEN. SOUNDS. SMELLS. THE FEEL OF NATURE AROUND HIM...

...AND OF NATURE DISTURBED.
TERRAIN'S NOT MUCH FOR FOOTPRINTS, ANYTHING WE CAN BUILD WITH ON INFRA-RED?
THE USUAL. ANALYZING NOW-
SOME PARTIALS... SCUFFS...SCRATCHES.. CONFIRMS SINGLE ASSASSIN, ENOUGH FOR HEIGHT, WEIGHT PROJECTIONS. BUT A TRAIL...?
MOSTLY, IT WAS A SCENT.
MOSTLY, IT CAME FROM THE WEAPON DAVID NANJIWARRA'S KILLER USED.
IT REEKED OF PRECISION, OF COMPUTER CHIPS AND MICRO-CIRCUITRY. IT STAINED THE ENVIRONMENT AND MARKED THE MAN, EASILY ISOLATING HIS OWN SMELL.
AND WHEN I'VE GOT THAT, MISTER-
..I'VE GOT YOU.


IF HE FOLLOWED FAR ENOUGH, THE LONG TRAIL WALKED BY THE ASSASSIN ENDED MILES FROM MACHU PICCHU...
...AT A LOCAL COPPER MINE.
PRIVATE AIRSTRIP... WELL MAINTAINED. BETTER THAN MOST OF THE MINING EQUIPMENT I PASSED SNEAKIN' IN...
AND THE FIELD'S OPERATIONS HUT APPEARED PARTICULARLY WELL-GUARDED. UNTIL...
QUE ES ESTE?!
EL AVION...! FUEGO! FUEGO!
RIGHT. LET'S SEE IF THE GUNS AND MUSCLE ARE REALLY PROTECTING OLD FLIGHT PLANS.
THEY MUST COME CHEAPER HERE THAN GOOD LOCKS FOR THE FILES.
OR A FIRST-RATE CODE SYSTEM!
PLACE IS A FRONT FOR SWIFT SWORD, PART OF THEIR ARMS SMUGGLING NETWORK.
YOU WERE CLOSER THAN YOU KNEW, DAVID. AND THEY BROUGHT IN THE HIRED GUN TO SEE YOU NEVER GOT CLOSER.


VENICE, TITIAN AND TINTORETTO MIGHT BE TROUBLED BY THE DIESEL FUEL SLICKS ON EVERY WATERWAY OF THE CITY...
...AND THE T-SHIRT VENDORS IN EVERY PIAZZA.
BUT MUCH OF THE GRANDEUR THAT INSPIRED THEIR ART REMAINS, PARTICULARLY BY NIGHT, WHEN THE EFFECTS OF TIME ARE MUTED...
...AND SOFT LIGHTS FROM ELEGANT PALAZZOS LINING THE GRAND CANAL HINT AT INTRIGUES WITHIN.
ROMANTIC...
...AND OTHERWISE.
...FULL ALERT! MY BOY FRIEND'S MOTHER FINALLY ENDS HER VISIT AND S.H.I.E.L.D. ORDERS THIS STATION ON FULL ALERT! THESE TESTS ARE...
SIGNOR BELLINI...?
NO, NO, PALO, COLONEL FURY IS STILL INCOMMUNICADO. ALL SWIFT SWORD DATA IS TO BE FORWARDED TO SPECIAL DIRECTOR DUBAN UNTIL--
SIGNOR SUPERVISOR! I THINK YOU SHOULD LISTEN TO THIS!
--INTERFERENCE.
EH? SOMETHING ON PINEBANDT YOUR MOOD MAKES YOU OVERREACT, GIULIETTA. IT WOULD MEAN AN INTERIOR BREECH, PENETRATION OF OUR EXTRA GLARDS...THE CORRIDOR SEALS...
AN ARMY'S WORK. THIS SIGNAL IS SCARCELY THAT. MORE LIKELY...

ZDOWWW!
SANTA MADRE! ¡AHORA...?!
OOOGAOOOGAOOOGAOOO
ALARM'S FROM THE OPS ROOM! BUT--
--SECURITY SEALS ARE STILL INTACT!
BLOW THE DAMN DOORS AN' FIGURE IT OUT LATER!


HE SAVED THEM THE TROUBLE.
SHDAAAK!
SONAR PHANTOMS GENERATED BY HIS WEAPON'S CIRCUITRY HAD DISGUISED HIS SCALING OF THE BUILDING'S OUTSIDE WALL...
...BUT ONCE HE BLASTED INSIDE, THE TIME FOR ANY FURTHER SUBTLETIES WERE PAST.
THE ROOFTOP WAS THE CLOSEST ESCAPE. AND THESE GUARDS WOULDN'T LIVE TO--

WRONG, MISTER! WHATEVER YOU'RE THINKIN'!
IT WASN'T HIS BROTHER. THE MOVES WEREN'T RIGHT.
BUT THE RELIEF NICK FURY EXPECTED WASN'T THERE. AN ANGER SEIZED HIM, GALVANIZED HIM...
DAMMIT! PART OF ME WANTED JAKE TO SOMEHOW BE ALIVE...!
THE PART HE FEARED HAD PLUNGED HIM INTO OPERATING SECRETELY...
...RECKLESSLY.
KWOOD!
SNEAKING INTO VENICE DISGUISED WITH EXTRA GUARDS ORDERED UP FOR THE ALERT...
...NOT TELLING ANYONE ABOUT HIS HUNCH. THAT THIS SCORPIO WAS HITTING PLACES WHERE S.H.I.E.L.D. ONCE THWARTED THE ORIGINAL. LIKE PERU. LIKE HERE.
WHOEVER YOU ARE... TONIGHT YOU JUST IMITATED YOUR WAY INTO MY HANDS!
ZDOW!
AGILE FOR AN OLD MAN, COLONEL--

--BUT THE OPERATIVE WORD IS OLD IF YOU THINK I'M IN YOUR HANDS!
HE'S FAST!
GOTTA KEEP UP..
...KEEP PRESSING HIM...! ANY REAL DISTANCE BETWEEN US...AN' HE'LL BE ABLE TO AIM THAT DAMN THING...!
YOU GOT ANSWERS, MISTER...! AND I'M GONNA HAVE THEM--
--PERSONALLY! TO HELL WITH THE COST...!
COULDN'T HAVE MOVED WEARING THAT STUFF...! AND AGAINST THIS GUY--
STILL, FURY AUTOMATICALLY FIGURED IT. ALERT PROCEDURE DICTATED ALL S.H.I.E.L.D. PERSONNEL WEAR BLAST ARMOR UNDER THEIR UNIFORMS. THERE SHOULD BE NO DEATHS AS IN PERU. EXCEPT...
--I NEED EVERY MOVE I'VE GOT!

WHO ARE YOU?!
WHO
IN
HELL
ARE
SPLASH!
IMPACT DIDN'T QUITE... FINISH YOU, OLD MAN...?
STILL WITH ME...? STILL WANT... ANSWERS...?
TRY THIS!
WANG!
I'M JACOB FURY'S SON! YOUR BROTHER JAKE!
THE BROTHER YOU MURDERED! LIKE I'M GOING TO MURDER YOU!
IF ONLY IT COULD BE NOW. BUT NO. NOT WITH S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS SWARMING IN. NOT WITH CANAL SLUDGE FOULING HIS WEAPON'S DELICATE CIRCUITRY.
NEXT TIME, MIKEL FURY THOUGHT.
NEXT TIME!

HIS NAME WAS SKORZENY. DIRECTOR OF THE RIO COBRE MINING CORPORATION OF PERU...
...NOW VISITING ISTANBUL FOR REASONS OF HEALTH.
S.H.I.E.L.D. HAD RAIDED THE SWIFT SWORD WEAPONS SMUGGLING OPERATION FOR WHICH HIS MINE WAS A FRONT. SKORZENY ALONE ESCAPED...
...OR SO HE WAS ALLOWED TO THINK.
SO WHY HAVEN'T WE HEARD FROM FURY ABOUT ALL THIS? NOT LIKE HIM TO IGNORE..
HE'S BEEN ROLLING UP THE SUPPLY ROUTE AS HE RETREATED. TURKEY'S A GOOD CENTRAL POINT... SKORZENY'S STOP HERE COULD BE HIS SOURCE.
UH-OH. SHOWTIME.
AH! SO LONG SINCE YOU GAMBLED AT THE AMBER PALACE, MR. SKORZENY... BUT YOUR MEMBERSHIP IS STILL ACTIVE. ENTER, PLEASE! YOU'RE EXPECTED!
BY THE TIME WOLVERINE FOUND ENTRY SUITABLE FOR NON-MEMBERS, SKORZENY WAS MOVING INTO THE PRIVATE CLUB'S CASINO...
...WHERE HE FOUND HIGH STAKES GAMES BEING PLAYED.
EXTREMELY.
NO!
BOA-X-BOAM!

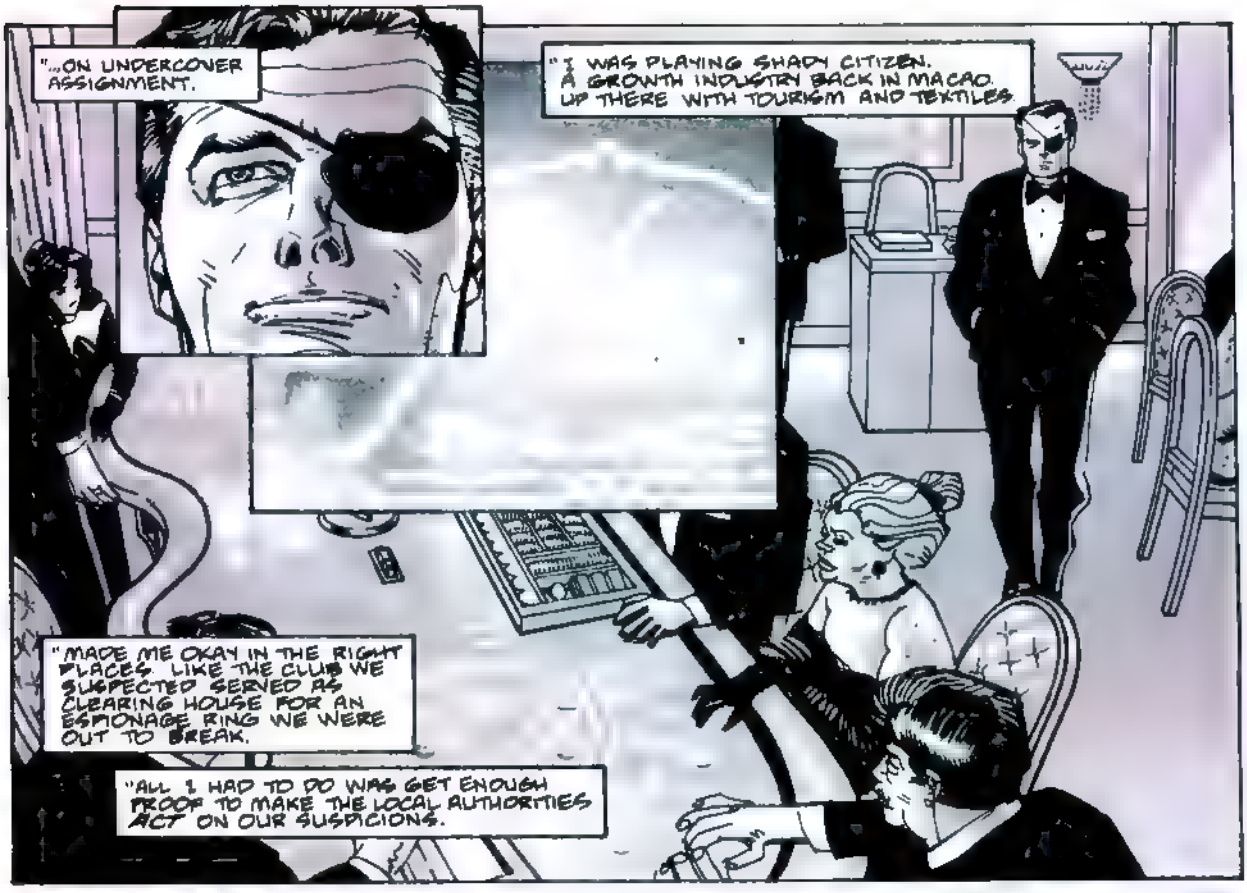
INTERESTING. YOU ACTUALLY TRIED TO SAVE HIM. THAT GOES AGAINST EVERYTHING I'VE HEARD.
PERHAPS THE FAMOUS WOLVERINE ISN'T SUCH AN ANIMAL AFTER ALL.
I'M AMBER D'ALEXIS. I RUN THIS ESTABLISHMENT. AND AID THESE GENTLEMEN.. ALL MEMBERS IN GOOD STANDING OF SWIFT SWORD.
WHEN THEY DECIDED THEIR PERUVIAN OPERATION WAS NO LONGER EFFECTIVE, I SUGGESTED SACRIFICING IT AS BAIT FOR A TRAP..
--WHICH SHOULD HAVE LURED S.H.I.E.L.D.'S DIRECTOR, NICK FURY, OR SOME OF HIS TOP AGENTS.
NO OFFENSE, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO DO.
YES, I WILL, LADY. WHAT I DO BEST.
SHNIKT!
SHNIKT!

THEY WERE GOOD. DEDICATED. SWIFT SWORD WAS A SUPPORT NETWORK FOR A NUMBER OF CAUSES, AFTER ALL. MOST FAVORED SOCIAL CHANGE FROM THE BARREL OF A GUN...
...OR THE EXPLOSION OF A WELL-PLACED BOMB...
.. OR WHATEVER DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IT TOOK.
THEY WERE GOOD, DEDICATED AND IT WASN'T NEARLY ENOUGH.
TRAPS CAN WORK TWO WAYS, LADY.
WONDER ABOUT THE ANIMAL IN ME? IT'S COMIN' AT YOU! FOR DAVID NANJIWARRA AND-
ZOINK
NO!
NOBODY HURTS MY PARENTS! NOBODY!
THIS IS ABOUT PERU! YOUR FIGHT IS WITH ME--

...AND IT'S ALREADY LOST!
HE DIDN'T MAKE ANY MISTAKES. THE CHANDELIER GAVE HIM HEIGHT. THE WEAPON THAT SIMULATED HIS FATHER'S ORIGINAL ZODIAC KEY GAVE HIM FIREPOWER.
ZDAM!
VRADOW!
HOW MANY BLASTS CAN YOU DODGE? HOW MANY HITS CAN YOU TAKE?
MORE THAN MOST
ZDAK!
NOT ENOUGH.
HAH!
NOW.
LIKE MOM SAID.

—THIS SHOULD HAVE BEEN NICK FURY.
YOU'LL HAVE TO DO.
THROUGH PAIN AND SEMI-CONSCIOUSNESS, LOGAN TRIED TO RISE BEFORE THE KILLING BLAST.
THEN...
...THE LIGHTS WENT OUT.
DARKNESS. SO TOTAL IT MIGHT WELL HAVE BEEN DEATH...
...UNTIL SOMETHING JERKED HIM VIOLENTLY UPRIGHT!
.....
W-WHAT..?
I SAID, IF YOU'RE GONNA DEPEND ON OTHER PEOPLE TO HAUL YOUR BUTT OUT OF TROUBLE--
--TRADE IN THAT ADAMANTIUM SKELETON FOR SOMETHING LIGHTER.
NICK...! WON..!
BLACKLIGHT BOMB.
UNLESS SOMEBODY'S WEARING INFRA-RED CONTACT LENSES... THE EFFECT'LL COVER US LONG ENOUGH TO GET AWAY.

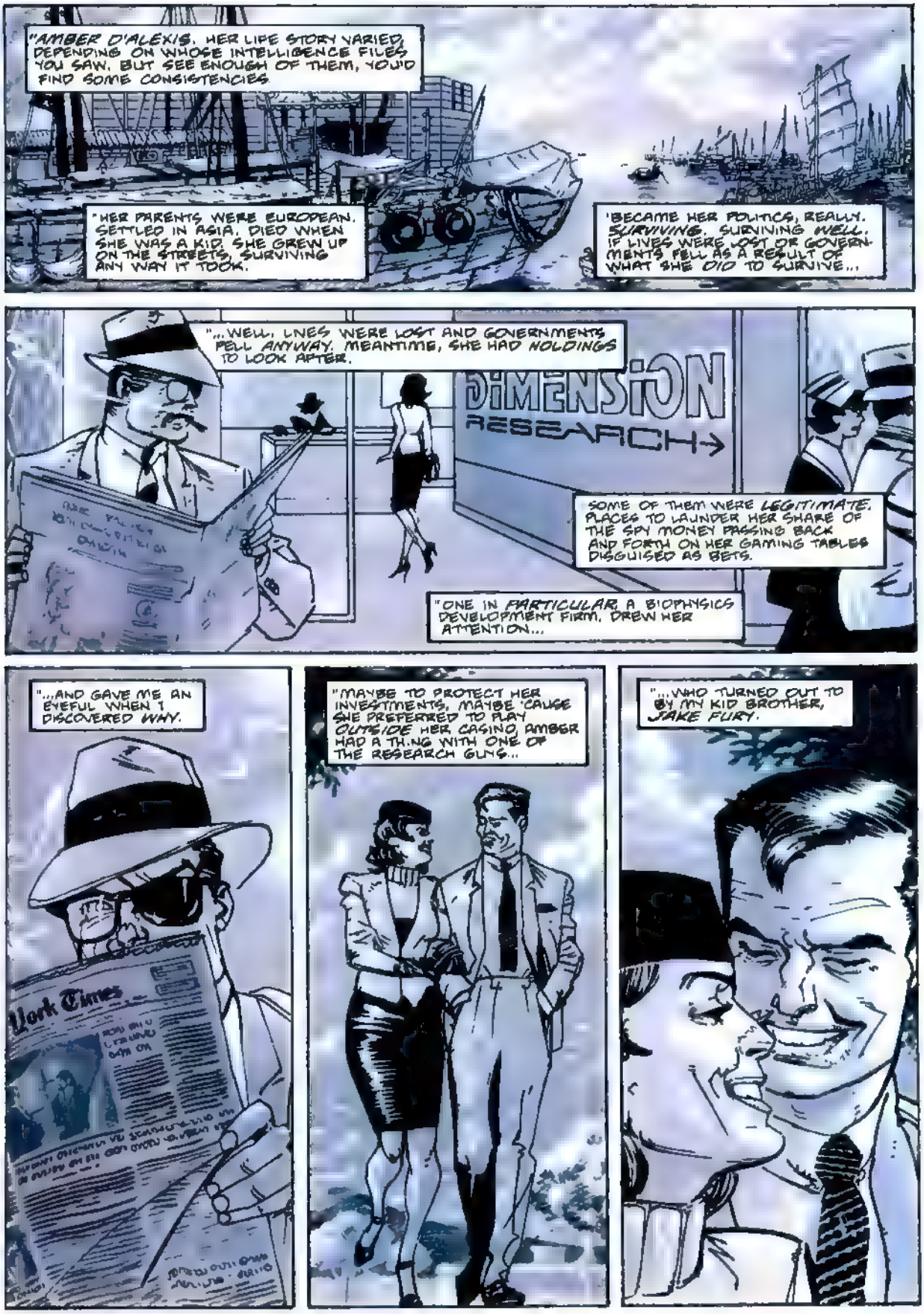
THERE! NOT EXACTLY WHAT I PLANNED WHEN I SLIPPED IN DISGUISED AS ONE OF THE SWIFT SWORD PEOPLE..
..BUT WHO KNEW YOU'D BE MAKIN' A GUEST APPEARANCE ?.
THAT A COMPLAINT?
LOOK WHO ELSE IS ESCAPING, WOLVERINE! MAKES COMPLIMENTS A LITTLE HARD.
YOU HADN'T BARGED IN, I'D HAVE TAKEN THE LADY AND THAT KID... WITHOUT A WAR
FURY--
--YOU HADN'T CUT YOURSELF OFF FROM ME AND YOUR OWN ORGANIZATION, ANY BARGIN' IN COULD'VE BEEN AVOIDED.
I'M THE ONE WHO SHOULD BE THROWIN' OUT THE RULES ...I'M THE ONE WITH THE PERSONAL STAKE!
I'M THE ONE WHO WANTS THIS TO END WITH JUST ME AN' SCORPIO, AN' NOTHIN' BETWEEN US BUT MY CLAWS!
SOUNDS LIKE YOUR STRENGTH'S COMING BACK, LOGAN. NICE THING, HEALING ABILITY.
YEAH. THIS SHOULD'VE BEEN A BOOK OPERATION. FULL COORDINATION, BACK UP TEAMS, BIRDS IN THE AIR... THE WHOLE NINE YARDS. EXCEPT...
WELL, YOU GOT TO KNOW...THIS ONE'S PERSONAL FOR ME, TOO. A FEW DAYS AGO IN VENICE--
..I FOUND OUT HOW PERSONAL.
"AND I GUESS IT GOT THAT WAY A LONG TIME AGO. BACK IN MY CIA DAYS...
"...BACK IN MACAO...

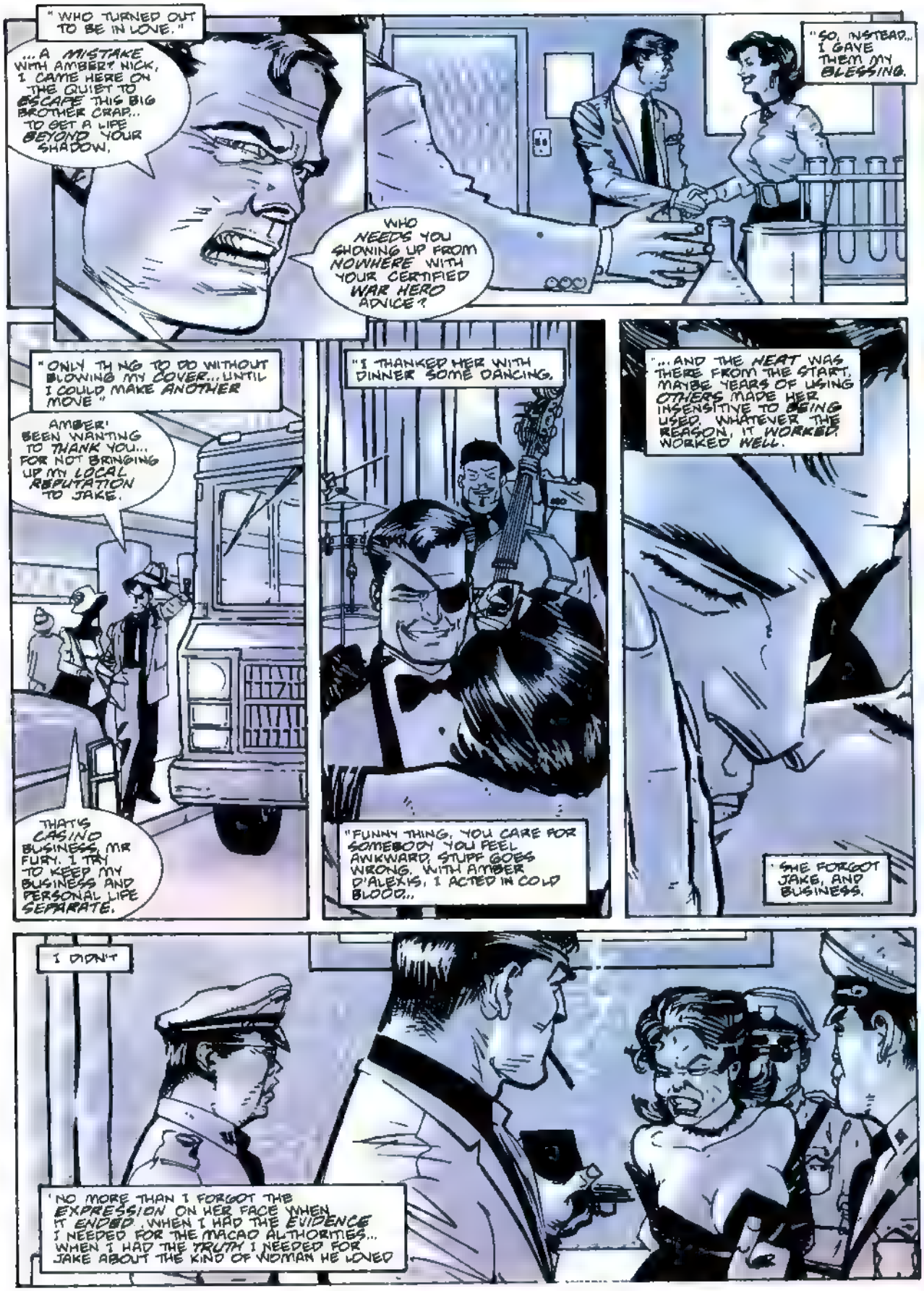

"...ON UNDERCOVER ASSIGNMENT.
"I WAS PLAYING SHADY CITIZEN. A GROWTH INDUSTRY BACK IN MACAO. UP THERE WITH TOURISM AND TEXTILES
"MADE ME OKAY IN THE RIGHT PLACES. LIKE THE CLUB WE SUSPECTED SERVED AS CLEARING HOUSE FOR AN ESPIONAGE RING WE WERE OUT TO BREAK.
"ALL I HAD TO DO WAS GET ENOUGH PROOF TO MAKE THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES ACT ON OUR SUSPICIONS.

"MOSTLY, THAT MEANT I DID A LOT OF WATCHING...
"...A LITTLE GAMBLING...

"...AND TRIED TO CULTIVATE THE MANAGEMENT."
I'M AFRAID YOU LOSE, AGAIN.
YOU MAKE IT PRETTY PAINLESS. I'M SURPRISED THEY DON'T HAVE YOU WORK A TABLE MORE OFTEN.

I ONLY DO IT TO KEEP MY HAND IN... OR MEET CUSTOMERS THAT INTRIGUE ME.
AMBER D'ALEXIS. IT'S MY CLUB.


"AMBER D'ALEXIS. HER LIFE STORY VARIED, DEPENDING ON WHOSE INTELLIGENCE FILES YOU SAW. BUT SEE ENOUGH OF THEM, YOU'D FIND SOME CONSISTENCIES.
"HER PARENTS WERE EURODEAN. SETTLED IN ASIA. DIED WHEN SHE WAS A KID. SHE GREW UP ON THE STREETS, SURVIVING ANY WAY IT TOOK.
'BECAME HER POLITICS, REALLY. SURVIVING. SURVIVING WELL. IF LIVES WERE LOST OR GOVERNMENTS FELL AS A RESULT OF WHAT SHE DID TO SURVIVE...
"...WELL, LIVES WERE LOST AND GOVERNMENTS FELL ANYWAY. MEANTIME, SHE HAD HOLDINGS TO LOOK AFTER.
DIMENSION RESEARCH→
SOME OF THEM WERE LEGITIMATE. PLACES TO LAUNDER HER SHARE OF THE SPY MONEY PASSING BACK AND FORTH ON HER GAMING TABLES DISGUISED AS BETS.
"ONE IN PARTICULAR, A BIOPHYSICS DEVELOPMENT FIRM, DREW HER ATTENTION...
"...AND GAVE ME AN EYEFUL WHEN I DISCOVERED WHY.
York Times
"MAYBE TO PROTECT HER INVESTMENTS, MAYBE 'CAUSE SHE PREFERRED TO PLAY OUTSIDE HER CASINO. AMBER HAD A TH.NG WITH ONE OF THE RESEARCH GUYS...
"...WHO TURNED OUT TO BE MY KID BROTHER, JAKE FURY.

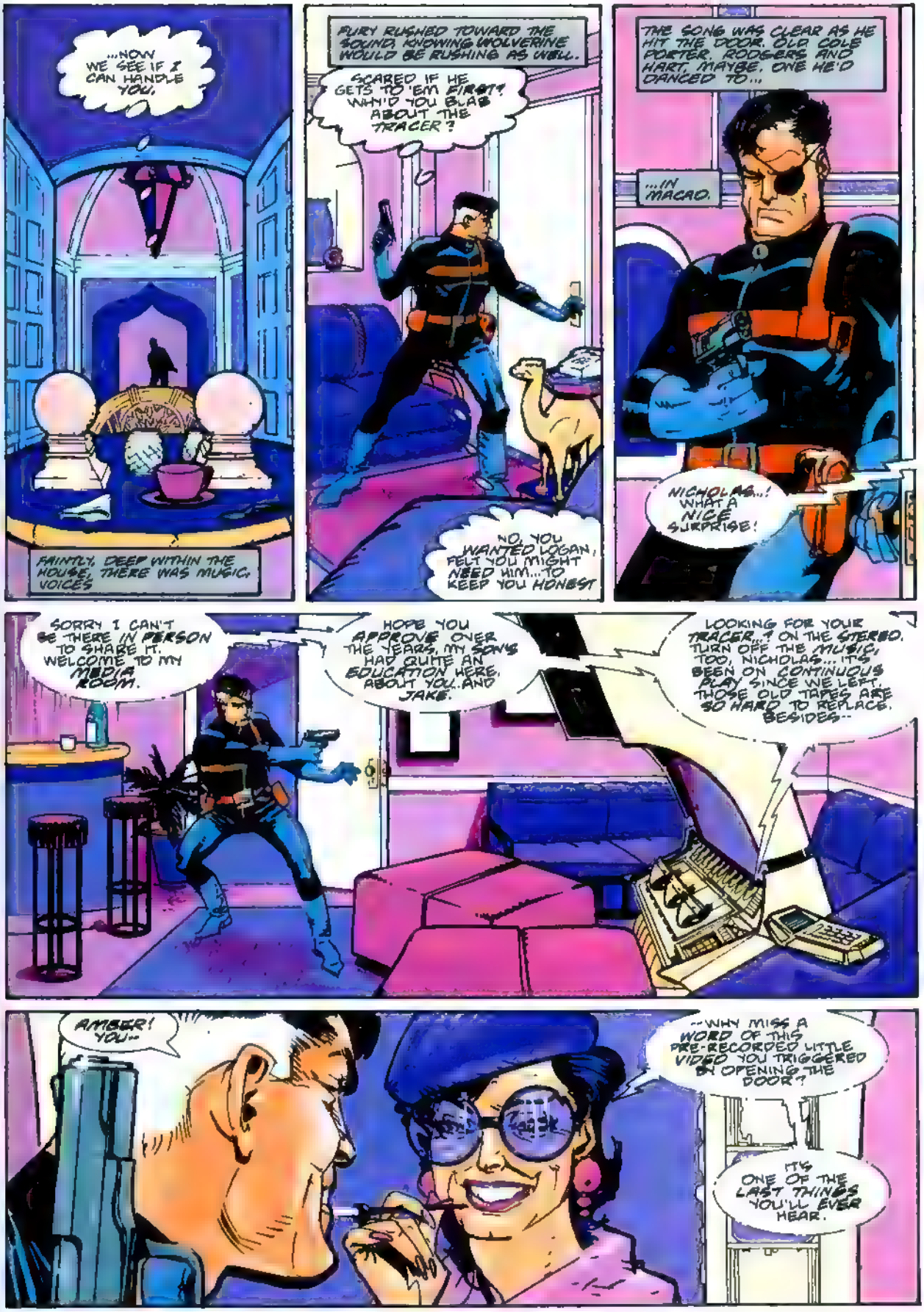

"WHO TURNED OUT TO BE IN LOVE."
...A MISTAKE WITH AMBER? NICK, I CAME HERE ON THE QUIET TO ESCAPE THIS BIG BROTHER CRAP... TO GET A LIFE BEYOND YOUR SHADOW.
WHO NEEDS YOU SHOWING UP FROM NOWHERE WITH YOUR CERTIFIED WAR HERO ADVICE?
"SO, INSTEAD... I GAVE THEM MY BLESSING.
"ONLY THING TO DO WITHOUT BLOWING MY COVER... UNTIL I COULD MAKE ANOTHER MOVE."
AMBER! BEEN WANTING TO THANK YOU... FOR NOT BRINGING UP MY LOCAL REPUTATION TO JAKE.
THAT'S CASINO BUSINESS, MR FURY. I TRY TO KEEP MY BUSINESS AND PERSONAL LIFE SEPARATE.
"I THANKED HER WITH DINNER SOME DANCING.
"FUNNY THING, YOU CARE FOR SOMEBODY YOU FEEL AWKWARD STUFF GOES WRONG. WITH AMBER D'ALEXIS, I ACTED IN COLD BLOOD...
"...AND THE HEAT WAS THERE FROM THE START. MAYBE YEARS OF USING OTHERS MADE HER INSENSITIVE TO BEING USED. WHATEVER THE REASON, IT WORKED. WORKED WELL.
"SHE FORGOT JAKE, AND BUSINESS.
I DIDN'T
"NO MORE THAN I FORGOT THE EXPRESSION ON HER FACE WHEN IT ENDED. WHEN I HAD THE EVIDENCE I NEEDED FOR THE MACAO AUTHORITIES... WHEN I HAD THE TRUTH I NEEDED FOR JAKE ABOUT THE KIND OF WOMAN HE LOVED

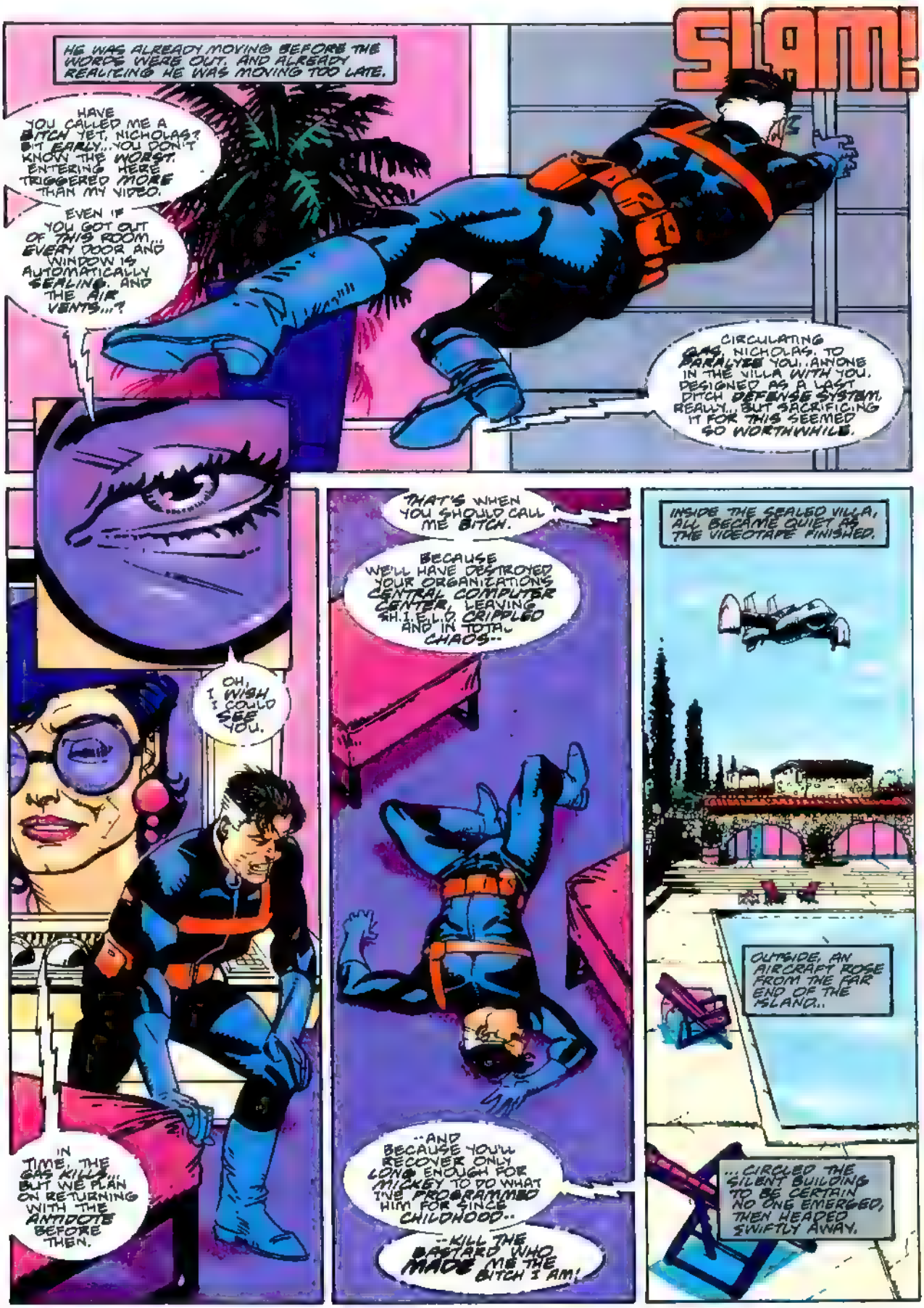
"ONLY THE TRUTH DIDN'T CHANGE ANYTHING. JAKE DIDN'T BLAME AMBER, HE BLAMED ME. WHEN SHE WAS DEPORTED, HE WENT WITH HER.
"RESENTMENT, RIVALRY, HAD EXISTED SINCE WE WERE KIDS. BUT WHAT I DID IN MACAO TURNED IT TO HATE. THE HATE--AND DISCOVERIES FROM HIS BIOPHYSICS WORK--TURNED JAKE INTO SCORPIO.
DESTROYING ME BECAME AN OBSESSION, LOGAN. IT GREW... UNTIL HE DESTROYED HIMSELF.
AND NOW... HIS SON IS CARRYING ON.
OKAY, YOU LEARNED THAT IN VENICE.. FIGURED WHO MOMMA WAS AND TRACKED HER BY HER OLD SPECIALTIES GAMBLING AND ESPIONAGE.
WHERE I SUPPOSEDLY BLEW YOUR CHANCE TO CAPTURE THEM, BULL FURY. MY SHOWIN' UP TOOK YOU OFF THE HOOK!
YOU SAYIN' I WOULD'VE HAD PROBLEMS TAKING 'EM DOWN?
C'MON, NICK! EVERY WORD YOU'VE TOLD ME DRIPS GUILT ABOUT POOR OL' JAKE... POOR OL' JAKE'S LITTLE BOY! IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE DOUBTS... WHY KEEP YOUR OWN ORGANIZATION IN THE DARK?!
MAYBE I WANTED TO BE SURE. MAYBE THERE'S... NUTS!
ALL YOU'VE SAID IS TRUE! JAKE COMMITTED SUICIDE, LOGAN. BUT HIS KIDS COMING AFTER ME LIKE IT'S MY FAULT... AND I'M NOT SO SURE HE'S WRONG.

SO? YOU CAN'T ERASE THE PAST, NICK. YOU CAN'T EVEN FIX IT...YOUR LITTLE BROTHER MADE CERTAIN OF THAT.
THERE'S STILL HIS BOY, LOGAN.
NO. THERE'S STILL A KILLER. ANY DOUBTS.. YOU'RE WAY OUT OF LINE ACTIN' ALONE.
IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE. TO HIT OUR ANTI-TERRORIST OPERATIONS SO HARD, THAT KID HAS TO HAVE INSIDE INFORMATION.
MEANS A LEAK WITHIN S.H.I.E.L.D.,, MAYBE EVEN A TRAITOR. AND JUSTIFICATION FOR MY PLAYIN' THIS SOLO. BUT I'M STILL--
LOGAN, HOW DO YOU DO THIS?
YOU QUIT, NICK LET ME FIND SCORPIO.
NO, HOW DO YOU EAT THIS STUFF WITHOUT UTENSILS?
SORRY, BUT SCORPIO'S MY PROBLEM. I'VE GOTTA FACE IT. HAULIN' YOU FROM AMBER'S CLUB, I ALSO MANAGED TO SLIP A HOMING TRACER ONTO THE KID. SHOULD LEAD ME--
SNIKT!
BETTER LEAD US, NICK. COMES THE CRUNCH, IF YOU CAN'T DO WHAT HAS TO BE DONE--
...I CAN.

THE AEGEAN. S.H.I.E.L.D'S AIRCRAFT HAD MAINTAINED ALTITUDE AND DISTANCE FROM THE ISLAND.
THE GLIDE SUITS LET THEM COME IN BELOW RADAR AND WITHOUT GENERATING POWER FOR HEAT SCANNERS TO DETECT.
SO FAR, SO GOOD. NOTHING FOR LOGAN AND ME TO WORRY ABOUT--
--EXCEPT EACH OTHER.
PLACE MUST'VE BEEN A FISHING VILLAGE ONCE. STRICTLY RUINS NOW. DESERTED.
YOU FIGURE WE'VE MISSED 'EM?
THERE ARE SCENTS. HIM. THAT CUTE LITTLE WEAPON. MOMMA, TOO. BUT STALE. LIKE THEY'RE LONG GONE.
SCIENCE SAYS YOU'RE WRONG--

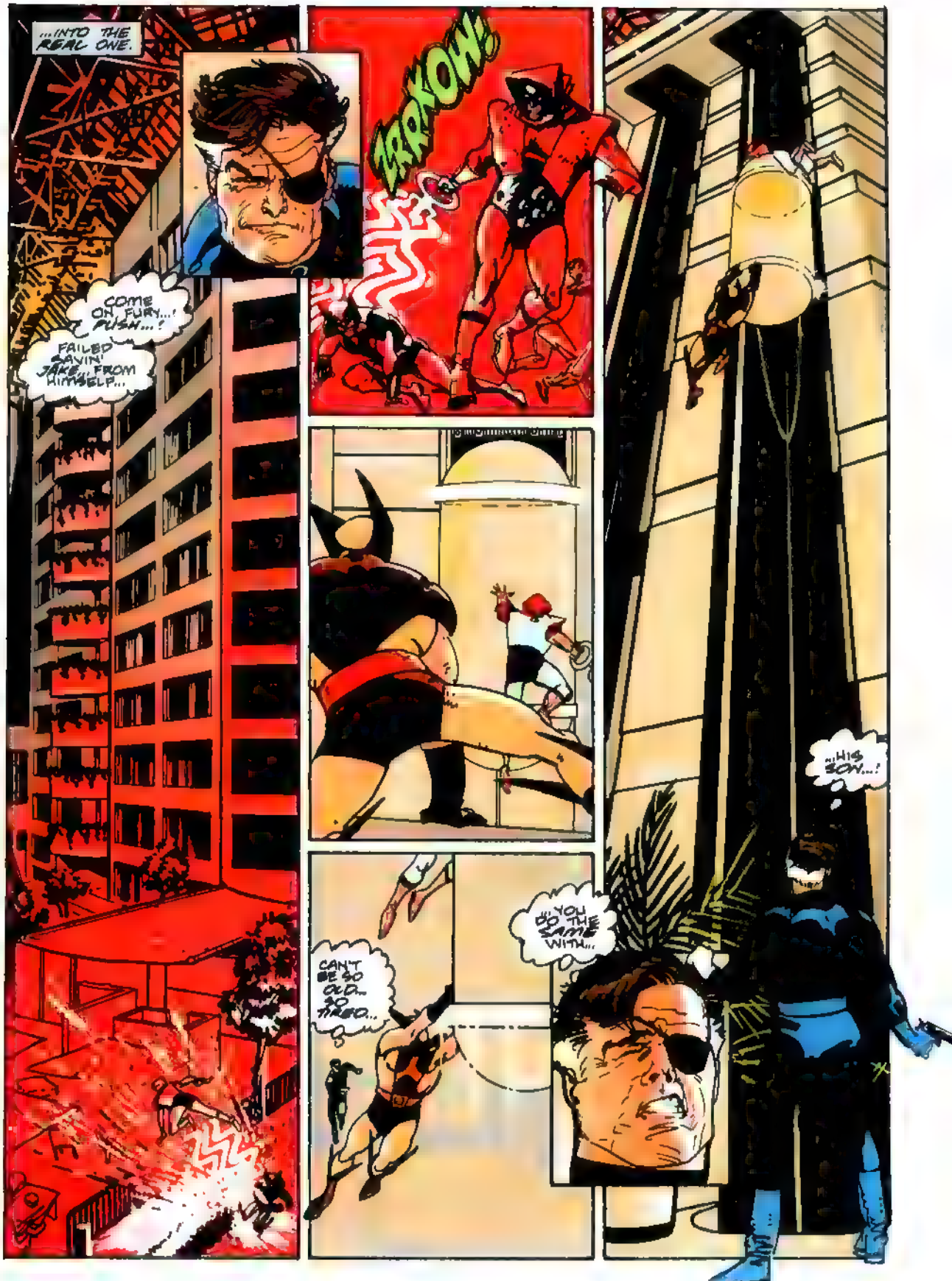
AT LEAST THIS TRACKING UNIT DOES. PINPOINTS OUR TRACER READINGS TO THERE.
NIFTY VILLA. AMBER'S STYLE ALL RIGHT
PROBABLY EXPLAINS WHY THEY DON'T GET DOWN TO THE RUINS, SPREAD FRESH SCENTS LIKE THEY SHOULD. WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I THINK IT LOOKS ENOUGH LIKE A FORTRESS. YOU COULD BE RIGHT
BALCONY ON THE SEAWARD SIDE. SOME GARAGE-LIKE ENTRANCE UP THE TRAIL. CALL IT
BALCONY TRAIL LOOKS STEEP FOR A MAN MY AGE.
FACT THAT MY CLAWS WILL WORK BEST AGAINST THESE IRON SHUTTERS HAS NOTHIN' TO DO WITH IT, RIGHT?
HOWEVER YOUR EMOTIONS ARE TWISTED IN ALL THIS, FURY--
"--AT LEAST YOU'RE STILL MAKING DECISIONS LIKE A TOP KICK."
PLACED CIRCUIT DISRUPTOR... IT'LL HANDLE ALARMS AN' SENSORS.
AMBER... MIKEL...

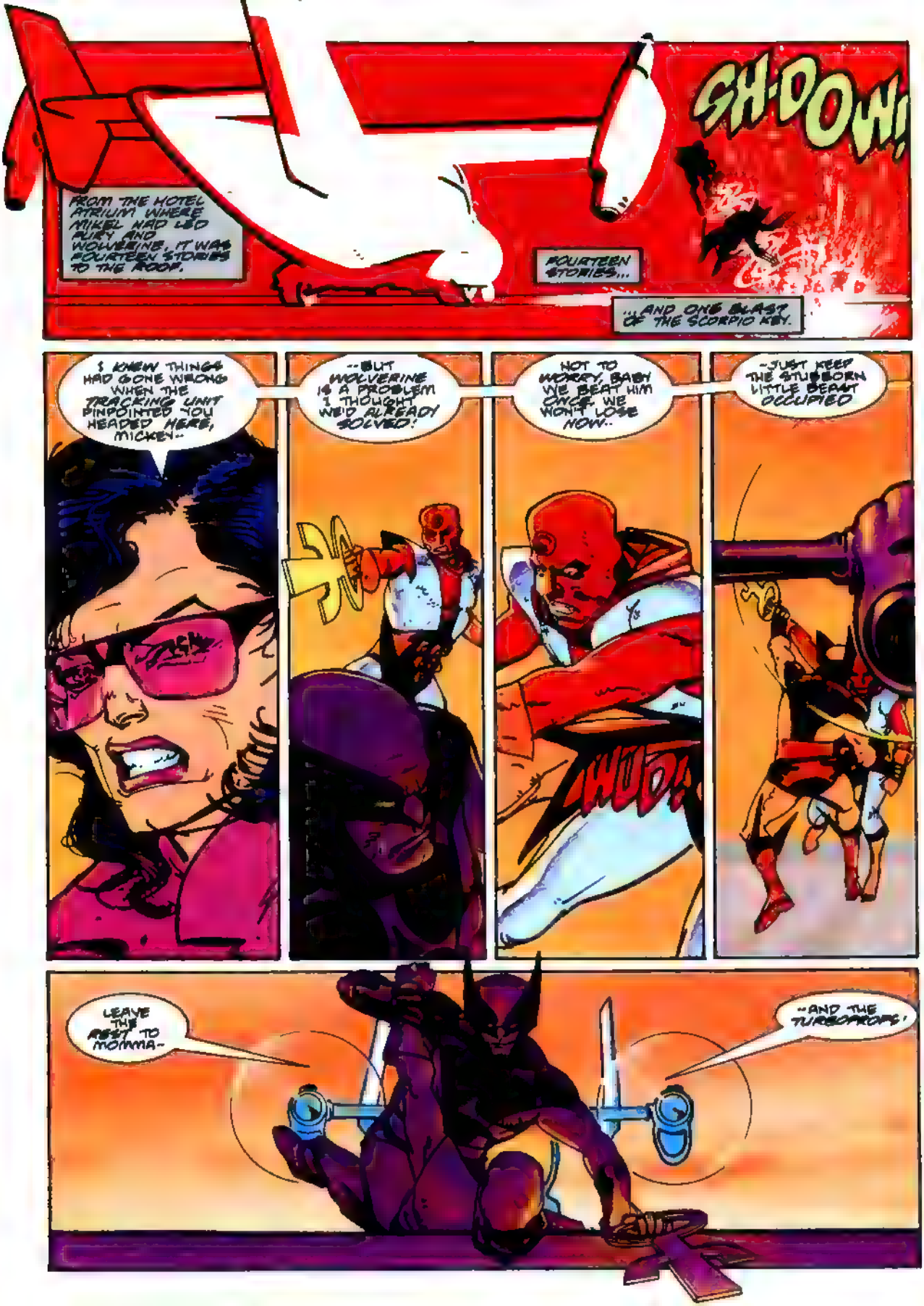

...NOW WE SEE IF I CAN HANDLE YOU.
FAINTLY, DEEP WITHIN THE HOUSE, THERE WAS MUSIC. VOICES
FURY RUSHED TOWARD THE SOUND, KNOWING WOLVERINE WOULD BE RUSHING AS WELL.
SCARED IF HE GETS TO 'EM FIRST? WHY'D YOU BLAB ABOUT THE TRACER?
NO, YOU WANTED LOGAN, FELT YOU MIGHT NEED HIM...TO KEEP YOU HONEST
THE SONG WAS CLEAR AS HE HIT THE DOOR. OLD COLE PORTER, RODGERS AND HART, MAYBE, ONE HE'D DANCED TO...
...IN MACAO.
NICHOLAS...! WHAT A NICE SURPRISE!
SORRY I CAN'T BE THERE IN PERSON TO SHARE IT. WELCOME TO MY MEDIA ROOM.
HOPE YOU APPROVE OVER THE YEARS, MY SONS HAD QUITE AN EDUCATION HERE. ABOUT YOU. AND JAKE.
LOOKING FOR YOUR TRACER...? ON THE STEREO. TURN OFF THE MUSIC, TOO, NICHOLAS... IT'S BEEN ON CONTINUOUS PLAY SINCE WE LEFT. THOSE OLD TAPES ARE SO HARD TO REPLACE. BESIDES--
AMBER! YOU--
--WHY MISS A WORD OF THIS PRE-RECORDED LITTLE VIDEO YOU TRIGGERED BY OPENING THE DOOR?
IT'S ONE OF THE LAST THINGS YOU'LL EVER HEAR.


HE WAS ALREADY MOVING BEFORE THE WORDS WERE OUT, AND ALREADY REALIZING HE WAS MOVING TOO LATE.
HAVE YOU CALLED ME A BITCH YET, NICHOLAS? BIT EARLY... YOU DON'T KNOW THE WORST. ENTERING HERE TRIGGERED MORE THAN MY VIDEO.
EVEN IF YOU GOT OUT OF THIS ROOM... EVERY DOOR AND WINDOW IS AUTOMATICALLY SEALING, AND THE AIR VENTS...?
SLAM!
CIRCULATING GAS, NICHOLAS, TO PARALYZE YOU...ANYONE IN THE VILLA WITH YOU. DESIGNED AS A LAST DITCH DEFENSE SYSTEM, REALLY... BUT SACRIFICING IT FOR THIS SEEMED SO WORTHWHILE.
OH, I WISH I COULD SEE YOU.
IN TIME, THE GAS KILLS... BUT WE PLAN ON RETURNING WITH THE ANTIDOTE BEFORE THEN.
THAT'S WHEN YOU SHOULD CALL ME BITCH.
BECAUSE WE'LL HAVE DESTROYED YOUR ORGANIZATION'S CENTRAL COMPUTER CENTER, LEAVING S.H.I.E.L.D. CRIPPLED AND IN TOTAL CHAOS--
--AND BECAUSE YOU'LL RECOVER ONLY LONG ENOUGH FOR MICKEY TO DO WHAT I'VE PROGRAMMED HIM FOR SINCE CHILDHOOD..
--KILL THE BASTARD WHO MADE ME THE BITCH I AM!
INSIDE THE SEALED VILLA, ALL BECAME QUIET AS THE VIDEOTAPE FINISHED.
OUTSIDE, AN AIRCRAFT ROSE FROM THE FAR END OF THE ISLAND..
...CIRCLED THE SILENT BUILDING TO BE CERTAIN NO ONE EMERGED, THEN HEADED SWIFTLY AWAY.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.
THE MODERN CITY COVERS AN OLDER ONE DESTROYED BY FIRE AND SHERMAN'S TROOPS IN THE CIVIL WAR
PARTIALLY RESTORED AS A TOURIST ATTRACTION, THIS UNDERGROUND AREA HAD LIMITED SUCCESS...
...BUT AS SECRET LOCATION FOR S.H.I.E.L.D.'S INFORMATION CENTRAL COMPLEX, IT WAS PERFECT.
OR NEARLY SO.
CONDITION RED! INTRUDER IN REPAIR CONDUIT 5b! PROBE UNIT DOWN! CALL FOR BACK UP! CALL FOR--
BRAOUK!
PAM OW!
ZDAAAK!
WITH PROPER INFORMATION, HIS MOTHER INSISTED, THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY.
SWIFT SWORD PROVIDED IT.
EVERYTHING MIKEL FURY NEEDED TO BLAST THROUGH TO HIS TARGET- THE COMPLEX'S MAIN COMPUTER.
INFORMATION WAS INTELLIGENCE, DESTROY AN INTELLIGENCE OPERATION'S INFORMATION AND THE ORGANIZATION WAS DESTROYED.
AS S.H.I.E.L.D. WOULD BE TODAY, AS THE MAN BEHIND IT WOULD BE--

CANCEL ANY PLANS, JUNIOR. IT'S OVER. UNLESS YOU MAKE A BIG DEAL ABOUT DROPPING THAT WEAPON--
--PLEASE.
DON'T GIVE HIM AN EXCUSE, KID. YOU AND YOUR MOTHER HAVE ALREADY MADE ENOUGH MISTAKES..
--LIKE THAT PARALYZING GAS, YOUR FATHER'S INVENTION, USED IT WHEN HE WAS SCORPIO. S.H.I.E.L.D.'S HAD AN ANTIDOTE IN PLACE FOR YEARS, SURE, THE STUFF NAILED ME--
--BUT WOLVERINE'S HEALING ABILITY SLOWED THE EFFECT UNTIL HE COULD FINALLY BREAK US OUT.
WE RACED HERE...YOU HAD TO SNEAK. ALL YOU'VE ACCOMPLISHED IS TO SHOW US THIS PLACE'S WEAK SPOTS, MIKEL. AND NOW YOU'RE--
REACTING. HE DIDN'T AIM, JUST FIRED..
...FULL BLAST!
AND, INSTEAD OF BRACING AGAINST IT, LET THE RECOIL CARRY HIM.
THEN HE WAS TUMBLING, ROLLING, ON HIS FEET... RUNNING.
BUT THEY WERE WITH HIM.
RUNNING THROUGH THE MAZE OF CORRIDORS AND CONDUITS.
LEVEL AFTER LEVEL.
WOLVERINE.. WAIT..!..!
I HAVE WAITED, NICK. YOU CAN'T KEEP PACE. HE'S MINE.
RUNNING. UP FROM THE HIDDEN WORLD...


...INTO THE REAL ONE.
COME ON, FURY...! PUSH...!
FAILED SAVIN' JAKE... FROM HIMSELF...
ZRRKOW!
...HIS SON...!
DO YOU DO THE SAME WITH...
CAN'T BE SO OLD... SO FRAGO...


FROM THE HOTEL ATRIUM WHERE MIKEL HAD LED FURY AND WOLVERINE, IT WAS FOURTEEN STORIES TO THE ROOF.
SH-DOW!
FOURTEEN STORIES...
...AND ONE BLAST OF THE SCORPIO KEY.
I KNEW THINGS HAD GONE WRONG WHEN THE TRACKING UNIT PINPOINTED YOU HEADED HERE, MICKEY--
--BUT WOLVERINE IS A PROBLEM I THOUGHT WE'D ALREADY SOLVED!
NOT TO WORRY, BABY WE BEAT HIM ONCE. WE WON'T LOSE NOW..
WHUD!
-JUST KEEP THE STUBBORN LITTLE BEAST OCCUPIED
LEAVE THE REST TO MOMMA-
-AND THE TURBOCOPS.

BUT THERE WAS MORE THAN ONE UNSOLVED PROBLEM FOR AMBER D'ALEXIS.
NICK FURY. LETTING S.H.I.E.L.D. TECHNOLOGY...
KROOOOOOSHH
... MAKE UP WHERE HIS TIRING BODY FAILED.
KRA-DAASH
WOLVERINE! I'VE STOPPED THE PLANE!
MIKEL--
"I'VE STOPPED YOUR MOTHER, TOO! THERE'S NO GETTING ME WITHOUT GOING THROUGH HER.
YOU DON'T WANT THAT, KID. GIVE IT UP!
YOU, TOO, LOGAN!
DON'T MAKE ME CHOOSE BETWEEN A FRIEND AND MY BROTHER'S SON.
HE CAN'T, NICHOLAS-

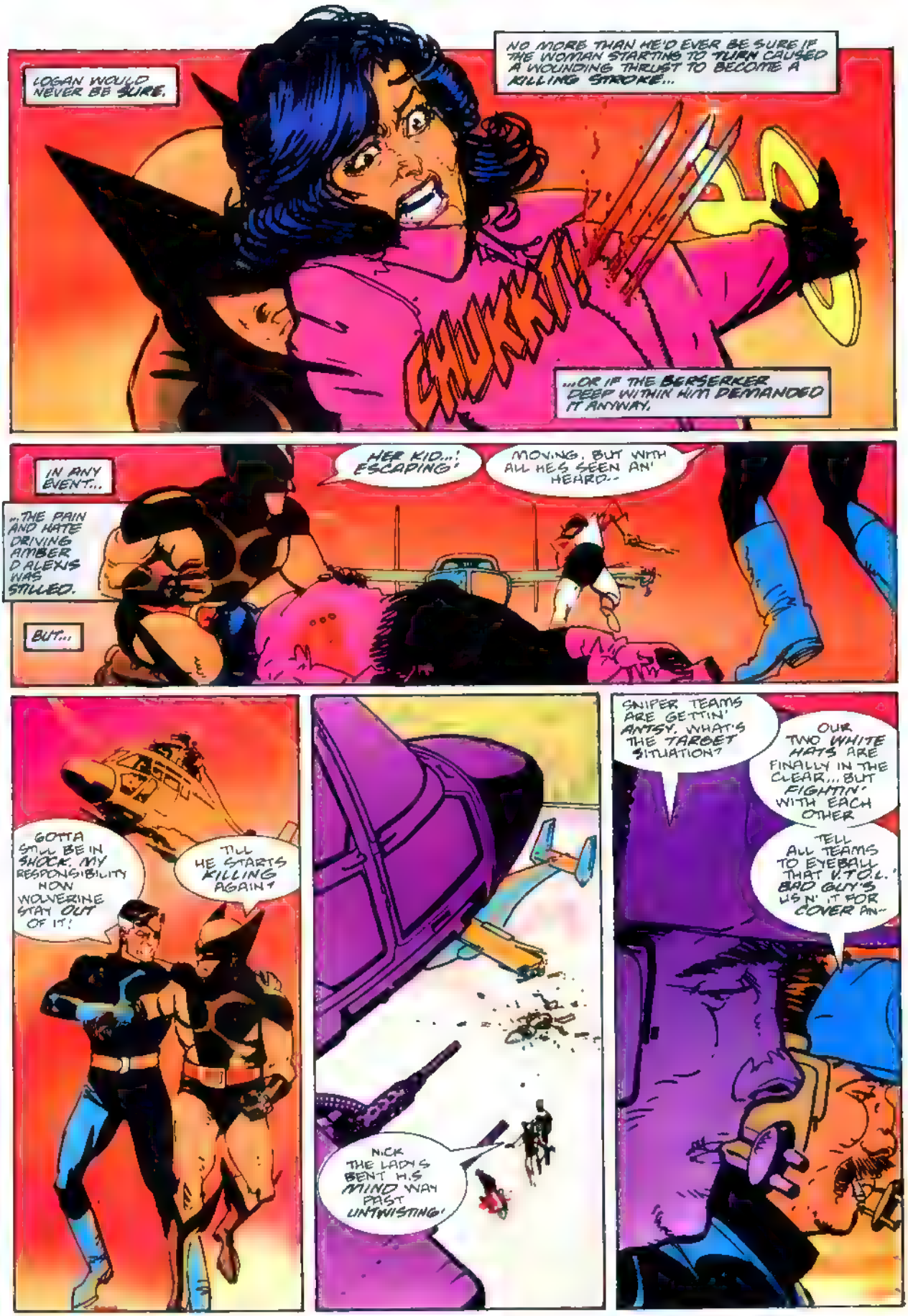
MIKEL ISN'T JAKE'S SON--
--HE'S YOURS!
NUMBNESS. FOR AN INSTANT, NICK FURY FELT NOTHING ELSE. AND IN THAT INSTANT...
SHOOT, MICKEY! KILL HIM WHILE THERE'S A CLEAR SHOT!
A CLEAR SHOT HIS WHOLE LIFE HAD BEEN DIRECTED TOWARD MAKING, HIS WHOLE BEING HAD BEEN CONDITIONED TO FOCUS UPON.
YOU'RE OVERTRAINED, SONNY.
PROBABLY BE THE DEATH OF YOU.
CHKUNK
WHHH

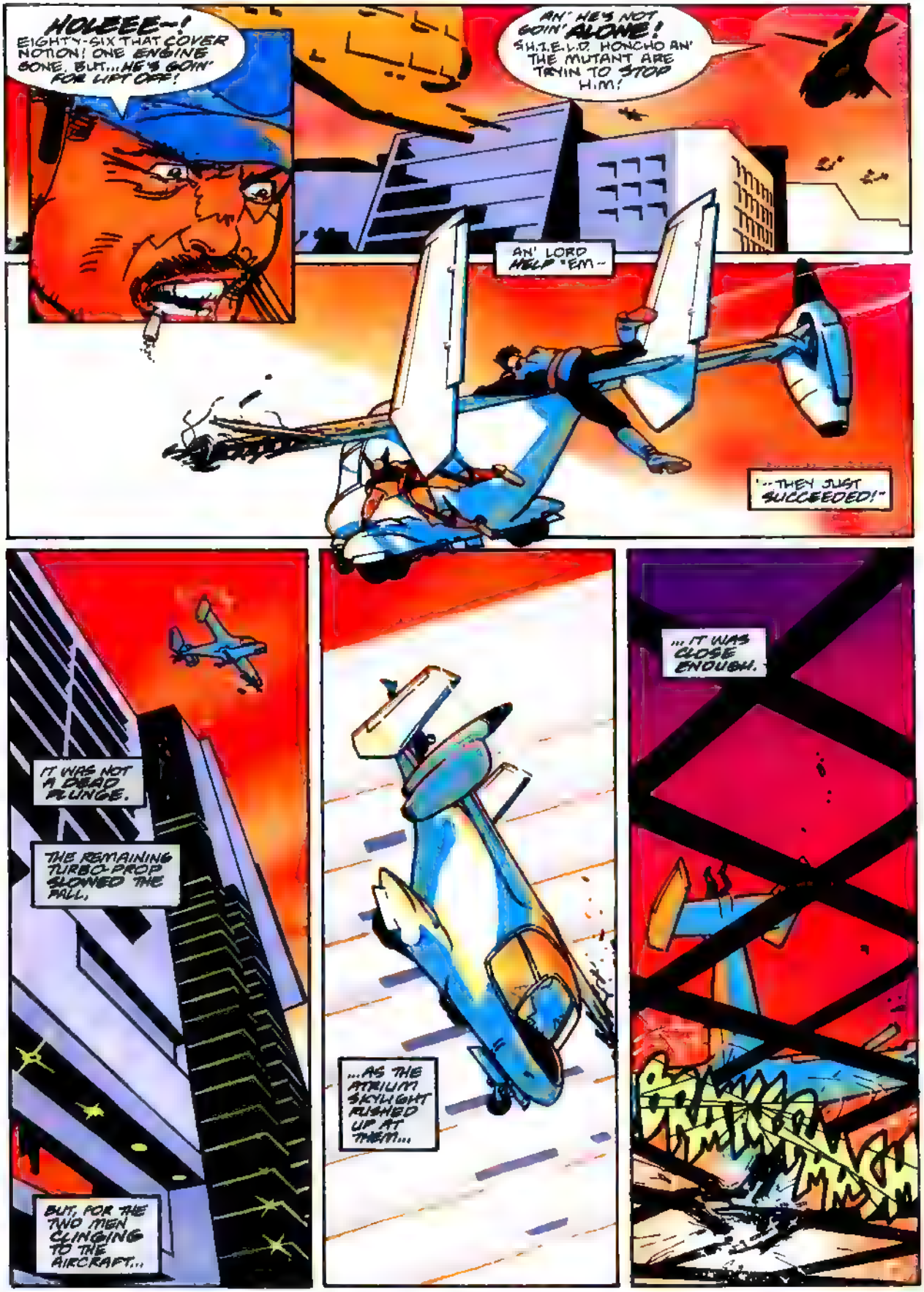
YOU WON'T LIVE TO FIND OUT!
I DON'T NEED THE SCORPIO KEY TO FINISH YOU!
NO! LOGAN! MICHEL...
"...AIN'T JAKE'S SON, HE'S YOURS!" THE WORDS HAMMERED IN NICK FURY'S MIND, OVER AND OVER.
HAD TO BE A LIE, RIGHT? A FINAL CRAZY TRICK FROM A REVENGE-CRAZY LADY. HAD TO BE, RIGHT?
WHAT IF IT WASN'T? WHAT IF THAT WAS HIS SON TRYING TO FORCE WOLVERINE OFF THE ROOF...
...WHILE LOGAN TRIED TO CUT HIM STEM TO STERN IN MEMORY OF DAVID NAHJWARRA?
IT STILL CAME DOWN TO A CHOICE.
HARDER TO MAKE.
IMPOSSIBLE TO AVOID.
P-KOW!

IMPACT! THE SHOT SLAMMED INTO MIKEL FURY'S SHOULDER AND SENT HIM SPINNING...
AWAY FROM THE ROOF'S EDGE. TRICKY SHOT, NICK. MAYBE TOO TRICKY FOR THE CIRCUMSTANCES.
YOU WERE LUCKY.
I WAS GOOD. COULD BE I UNDERSTAND THE CIRCUMSTANCES BETTER THAN YOU, LOGAN.
THERE'S A LOT TO SORT OUT UNTIL THEN..
..THE KID'S MY PRISONER. SO YOU BE GOOD, TOO, OR--
VRRDAAK!
THE SORTING OUT IS IN MY HANDS, NICHOLAS!
I WANT IT VERY CLEAR... YOU ARE MIKEL'S FATHER
BUT HE'LL NEVER ACCEPT IT, HE'S BEEN RAISED.. TRAINED AND CONDITIONED- TO BE ALL MINE.
I MADE YOU THE VILLAIN IN YOUR SON'S MOVIE, NICHOLAS. YOU KNOW HOW MOVIES END FOR VILLAINS?

THIS IS REAL, LADY! AN' SONNY BOY CAN'T SAVE YOU LIKE IN ISTANBUL--
--NOT WITH A BROKEN SHOULDER AN' SHOCK TO KEEP 'IM OCCUPIED!
ZZRAK
OH! SO FAST, WOLVERINE!
AGILE AS THE NASTY ANIMAL YOU'RE NAMED FOR! AND THOSE CLAWS... FRIGHTENING, UGLY THINGS!
SHRDOW!
BUT YOU HAVE TO BE CLOSE TO USE THEM.
WITH THIS WEAPON, ALL THIS OPEN SPACE--
I ONLY HAVE TO BE PERSISTENT--
ZZDAM!
AND MERCILESS.
THAT DOESN'T HURT, EITHER. AT LEAST... IT DOESN'T HURT ME. GOODBYE, WOLVERINE.
URRRRZLLLATT!
AMBER! FOR GOD'S SAKE! YOU'VE--

--FINISHED HIM, NICHOLAS. WHICH BRINGS US BACK TO YOU.
THE BOY NEEDS MEDICAL ATTENTION. WITH ALL THE S.H.I.E.L.D. AND S.W.A.T. TEAM 'COPTERS BUZZIN' AROUND NOW, WE CAN--
STOP IT.
DON'T TRY TO PLAY ON MY CONCERN. I SACRIFICED MICKEY YEARS AGO. AND ONCE YOU'RE DEAD--
--HE HAS NO LIFE ANYWAY
THIS WILL BE AN ACT OF MERCY FOR HIM. AND AS PAINFUL AS I CAN MAKE IT FOR YOU, NICHOLAS. SOUND COLD...? WELL, COLD NEVER HURT ME!
RELAXING FOR ONE INSTANT AND LOVING DID! YOU AND MACAO, NICHOLAS.. PAIN I NEVER GOT OVER, PAIN I CAN NEVER MAKE UP.
BUT WATCHING YOU DIE IS A START...! AND WATCHING YOU DIE WITH THE SCW YOU'LL NEVER KNOW IS BETTER YET!
DIE FOR ME, NICHOLAS.
M--MOM...?
T MIGHT HAVE BEEN A WARNING.
OR A CRY OF DISBELIEF.


LOGAN WOULD NEVER BE SURE.
NO MORE THAN HE'D EVER BE SURE IF THE WOMAN STARTING TO TURN CAUSED A WOUNDING THRUST TO BECOME A KILLING STROKE...
CHUNK!!
...OR IF THE BERSERKER DEEP WITHIN HIM DEMANDED IT ANYWAY.
IN ANY EVENT...
...THE PAIN AND HATE DRIVING AMBER D'ALEXIS WAS STILLED.
BUT...
HER KID...! ESCAPING!
MOVING, BUT WITH ALL HE'S SEEN AN' HEARD--
GOTTA STILL BE IN SHOCK. MY RESPONSIBILITY NOW
WOLVERINE STAY OUT OF IT!
TILL HE STARTS KILLING AGAIN?
NICK THE LADY'S BENT H.S MIND WAY PAST UNTWISTING!
SNIPER TEAMS ARE GETTIN' ANTSY. WHAT'S THE TARGET SITUATION?
OUR TWO WHITE HATS ARE FINALLY IN THE CLEAR... BUT FIGHTIN' WITH EACH OTHER
TELL ALL TEAMS TO EYEBALL THAT V.T.O.L. BAD GUY'S US N' IT FOR COVER AN--


HOLEEE-! EIGHTY-SIX THAT COVER NOTION! ONE ENGINE GONE. BUT...HE'S GOIN' FOR LIFT OFF!
AN' HE'S NOT GOIN' ALONE! S.H.I.E.L.D. HONCHO AN' THE MUTANT ARE TRYIN TO STOP HIM!
AN' LORD HELP 'EM--
"...THEY JUST SUCCEEDED!"
IT WAS NOT A DEAD PLUNGE.
THE REMAINING TURBO-PROP SLOWED THE FALL.
BUT, FOR THE TWO MEN CLINGING TO THE AIRCRAFT...
...AS THE ATRIUM SKYLIGHT RUSHED UP AT THEM...
...IT WAS CLOSE ENOUGH.

KRING KREESH!
WHUNG!
TINK TINK
SWEENG!
KA-RAANG!
WHA-RAAAAAM!!

THE FIRST THING NICK FURY HEARD AFTER DISCOVERING HE'D SURVIVED WAS...
...WOLVERINE!
INTERESTING SITUATION, SONNY--
THE HOTEL MALL HAD BEEN CLEARED WHEN THE ROOFTOP FIGHT BEGAN. NOW IT WAS FILLED, WITH S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS, LOCAL LAW OFFICERS...
...AND A SENSE OF IMPENDING DEATH.
--I SPRING MY CLAWS, YOU DIE OF A HEADACHE. GUARANTEED. 'COURSE, YOUR DEATH SPASM CAN TRIGGER THAT KEY DINGUS... LEAVE ME WITHOUT A HEAD.
SAME IF YOU ACT FIRST. BASIC STALEMATE--
--UNTIL I GET SO MAD I FORGET THAT AND ONLY REMEMBER YOU'RE DAVID NANJIWARRA'S KILLER.
LOGAN--
--YOU CAN BACK DOWN.
WHY? BECAUSE OF HIM? YOU CAN'T THINK OF MIKEL AS YOUR SON, NICK. HE'S AMBER'S MACHINE... A LIVING PIECE OF REVENGE.
BECAUSE OF DAVID NANJIWARRA.
REMEMBER I FIGURED SOMEONE INSIDE S.H.I.E.L.D. WAS FEEDING INFO TO SWIFT SWORD FOR SCORPIO'S ATTACKS?
I CHECKED THE MASTER COMPUTER SOON AS WE GOT HERE. ONLY ONE AGENT IN OUR ANTI-TERRORIST OPERATION SERVED IN ALL THE PLACES MIKEL HIT--
--YOUR FRIEND, DAVID.
NANJIWARRA WAS PASSED OVER FOR PROMOTION ONCE. LATER, HIS SUPERVISOR WAS FOUND TO BE PREJUDICED. WE RECTIFIED THE INCIDENT--

-BUT THE DAMAGE WAS DONE. SWIFT SWORD ONLY HAD TO PLAY ON HIS FRUSTRATION AT FINDING PREJUDICE EVERY-WHERE AND TURN HIM. AND WHEN THEY HAD ALL THEY NEEDED..
-HE WAS SET UP TO DIE IN PERU. THEY TOOK WHAT DAVID WAS AND TWISTED IT, LOGAN. JUST LIKE--
YEAH--
-JUST LIKE--
-AMBER AND THIS KID.
OKAY, NICK--
--HE'S YOURS.
BUT THE SCORPIO KEY...
...WAS STILL AIMED AND PRIMED...
...ALONG WITH EVERY OTHER WEAPON IN THE ATRIUM MALL.
YOU'RE HURT SON. MORE WAYS THAN THAT SHOULDER. WHATEVER'S KICKIN' AROUND IN YOUR MIND...DOESN'T HAVE TO BE DECIDED NOW, UNDERSTAND?
MIKE!...MIKE?...YOU DON'T HAVE TO DECIDE. YOU.
THE KEY WAVERED...
...AND FELL, CLATTERING LOUDLY IN THE SURROUNDING SILENCE.
WOUNDS PROBABLY GOT TO 'IM. BUT MAYBE I DID. HOW WOULD YOU CALL IT?
I'D SAY YOU'VE STILL GOT A STALE-MATE.
YEAH. WELL... SOMETIMES THAT'S A STARTING POINT.

OUTSIDE, EVENING HAD COME TO ATLANTA AS FURY AND LOGAN FOLLOWED A MEDICAL TEAM TO THE WAITING HELICOPTER...
A LIFETIMES WORTH OF BRAIN-WASHING, NICK. EVEN WITH THEM GONE... IT MAKES JAKE AND AMBER PRETTY UNFAIR COMPETITION.
YOU THINK YOU CAN UNDO THAT?
NOTHING'S EVER CERTAIN, BUT AS DIRECTOR OF S.H.I.E.L.D., I'VE PROBABLY SAVED THE WORLD A COUPLE OF TIMES--
--I SHOULD BE MEAN AND STUBBORN ENOUGH TO SAVE MY OWN BOY.
OR AT LEAST NEVER GIVE UP TRYING.
GUESS YOU'RE READY FOR THIS.
A CIGAR? ALWAYS! BUT WHAT--
CONGRATULATIONS--
-POPPA!
THEN THE HELICOPTER WAS ALOFT, CARRYING NICK FURY AND HIS SON INTO THE FADING LIGHT...
...LEAVING WOLVERINE BEHIND TO BE GRADUALLY ABSORBED IN THE LENGTHENING SHADOWS.

Scorpio. The zodiacal sign of the scorpion. And to the premier spy in America, Nicholas Fury, Director of S.H.I.E.L.D., the word has a deeper, more sinister meaning. It was the codename taken by his late evil brother, Jake, to personify Jake's world-conquering ambitions. Yet before Fury can begin to deal with the mystery of his maniacal sibling, he must first contend with the monstrous power of the man who has taken an oath to slay him—the murderous mutant known as Wolverine!

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